Vol. CXXXIX. No. 1808.

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GERMANY—*Continued*

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SWITZERLAND—*Continued*

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The Bystander

Anthony

Alicia Markova—English Ballerina in a Russian Company

In this most competitive, controversial and crowded summer of ballet, now nearly over, Markova's dancing has been a high-light of pleasure. Her Giselle this year is one of the loveliest things she has ever done, of an exquisite lightness, delicacy and precision, and in her mime, sensitive and moving. Other ballets in which her dancing has been outstanding are the Beethoven Symphony, *Sylphides* and *Carnaval*. It has been a great delight to London audiences to welcome this English ballerina as a star among the Russians at Drury Lane, and to know from her performances how much she gives to and receives from the artistry of the company

Cowes Week: Wind, Waves and Yachting Caps

Miss Carleton, Lord Dorchester, Miss MacDonald, Capt. Chase

Cowes Week, exclusive occasion of an exclusive sport, opened as usual on Bank Holiday, when the wind withheld its graces. The first day's racing was devoted to the hundred-year-old Royal London Yacht Club's regatta, and it was to see this that the Hon. Loraine Carleton, her father, Lord Dorchester, Miss MacDonald and Captain Chase were stepping out. Lord Dorchester has a house in the Isle of Wight, and is a R.Y.S. member

Husband and Wife and Friend

Miss Gillian (centre) and Mr. Loel and Lady Isabel Guinness were coming ashore from the Squadron steps together. Mr. Loel Guinness, who has represented the Conservative stronghold of Bath in the Commons since 1931, is a member of the Squadron. He and his wife will have been married two years in November

Daughter and Father and Friend

Lady Margaret Muntz is with her father, the Marquess of Londonderry, and the Duke of Sutherland; she carries a huge handbag, a large box of 100 cigarettes, and wears a long coat. The two men typify the sharp division at Cowes between blue serge or white flannel trousers, which Lord Dorchester (above) has avoided

The Hon. Mr.

The Hon. Charles Rhys, with properly buttoned carefully arranged handker- the eldest of the three Dynevor's heir. He married Parliamentary career that

West Solent and Royal Burnhams Passing the Finishing Line by the Squadron Steps

and Mrs. Rhys

neatest man on this page, jacket, semi-stiff collar and chief in breast pocket, is Rhys brothers, and Lord in 1934, after a promising he has now abandoned

Lord and Lady Powerscourt

Viscount Powerscourt was just feeling in his pocket for matches to light his cigarette when he looked up at the photographer and the sun got in his eye. This Irish member of the R.Y.S. was elected a member of the Senate of Southern Ireland in 1921, sits in our Upper House on the strength of a U.K. barony

Mr. D. Colville, Lady Cynthia Colville, Lady Joan Colville

The Colville family is here without its head, the Hon. George Colville, husband of Lady Cynthia Colville and father of David Richard Colville, whose pretty young wife is on the right (she was Lady Joan Villiers). They were all heading for the lawns of the Royal Yacht Squadron, where the Hon. George Colville is a member

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Russians and the Japanese are at peace with one another, and the battles now in progress near Vladivostok are just part of the ordinary peace routine of the day. Tanks, artillery, machine-guns, and aeroplanes are in action, and both sides are strictly on the defensive and are gallantly protecting their fatherland against an unparalleled and unprovoked aggression. In other words, a war is on, but it is simpler not to say very much about it.

THE modern-style war does not need a formal declaration, or even a rupture of diplomatic relations. All it requires is a series of "incidents" and a great deal of talk. The *Saturday Evening Post* maintains in its current number that the Russo-Japanese war has been going on now for two years along the difficult and obscure Siberian frontier. If this is true, then it shows that a modern war can be undisclosed as well as undeclared.

WITH Lord Runciman busily mediating in Prague, and streams of inspired opinion flooding the Press to the effect that "things are definitely better," it is a bit odd that people should be rushing so wildly to buy gold. It almost looks as if there are folk who are not completely convinced that Europe's most difficult political tangle can be settled by an ex-President of the Board of Trade with an admiration for Wagner.

BULGARIA has at last come to an agreement with the States of the Balkan League—Yugoslavia, Roumania, Greece and Turkey—by which Bulgaria is to be allowed to rearm, and in which the use of force in the mutual relations of the five States is solemnly renounced. It is, of course, only in a crazy world that the first and most important item in a pact of peace and friendship should be the preparation of armaments. But if the Macedonian question is finally settled (and in these days the word finally means about three years), the pact will have achieved something.

WHATEVER is happening along Germany's western frontier, is happening with great energy. Officers of foreign armies are prohibited from entering the frontier areas, and hundreds of thousands of conscripted workers of all sorts of trades have been despatched to make fortifications. It is announced that tourists in the Rhineland and the Black Forest ought to have no difficulties, unless they wander into districts where the work is going on. But somehow or other I cannot help feeling that this intense activity will not really improve that lovely country as a rest cure for tired visitors.

THE City of London has put a wet towel round its head and is examining the twenty-four sections of the Share-Pushing Bill which will come up in Parliament next session. The main provision in the Bill makes it compulsory for any person or institution, except members of recognised stock exchanges and banks to get a licence from the Board of Trade before he or it can deal in securities. This licence will have to be renewed every year, and a tribunal will be set up to hear appeals against refusals of licences.

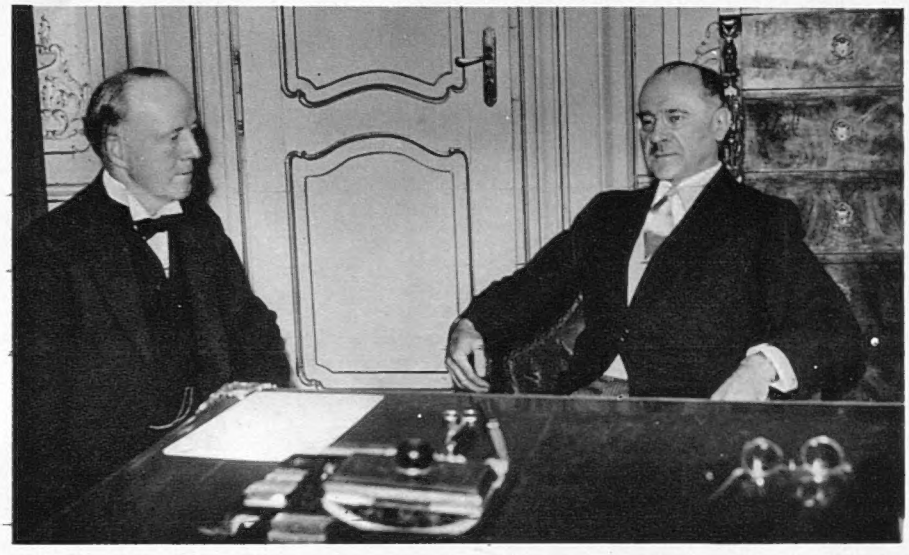
FIFTY years ago, the Independent Labour Party was the brains and the drive of the rising spirit of Socialism. In 1922 it arrived in force in the House of Commons, and threw its weight about to some tune (the "Red Flag" of course). Six years ago it thought Socialism too slow, and Mr. Maxton led his three surviving colleagues into revolt. Nobody cared. Now the gallant quartet is creeping back to the fold, and still, I fancy, nobody cares.

THE British Broadcasting Corporation is always in the forefront with new ideas for using the great instrument at its disposal for the benefit of mankind, and the Empire in particular. In order to counteract baneful propaganda in South America, it has now been arranged that a regular series of talks shall be broadcast from Daventry to that continent. And to show the thoroughness of the B.B.C., a Spaniard and a Portuguese have been specially retained to make the announcements before each talk. In fact, the arrangement is perfect, except for the small detail that the talks are in English, and so unintelligible to the vast majority of Latin Americans.

MR. A. P. HERBERT'S Divorce Bill was hailed as a great step forward in British divorce procedure (although a good deal of disillusionment is beginning to creep in over several of the clauses), but the mere fact that four hundred cases had to be left over by the Courts during the Long Vacation is proof that a great deal remains to be done.

STRANGE doings at the Eisteddfod. Forty-five stories were sent in for the story competition. One was so brilliant that it won easily. But "owing to certain considerations, things in the story itself," Rule 18 was applied. This rule says that "competitors shall, if required, produce proof of the genuineness and originality of their productions." The competitor, Mr. D. P. Williams, of Aberdare, did not turn up until next day to answer the challenge, and the adjudicators refused to take the prize from the next best story to which it had by then been awarded. One wonders to what

(*Concluded on page 204*)



The First Interview in Prague

Lord Runciman paid his first visit in Prague to the Prime Minister, Dr. Hodza, who received the "missionary" from Great Britain at the Kolowrat Palace, his official residence. This twenty-minutes' morning call was the beginning of the intensive period of interviews, conferences, and discussions through which Lord Runciman has to wend his conciliatory way. Seldom can an unofficial mediator have carried a more tremendous responsibility nor a greater volume of anxious wishes for his success

The King at His Camp

King George has often travelled by land to the boys' camp he founded in 1920 as Duke of York. Last year he flew there. This year he came by water, interrupting his cruising holiday on the Victoria and Albert to come ashore for the usual sing-songs and games, conducted by Mr. R. R. Hyde (opposite, on the King's left). Captain Patterson (opposite, on the King's right), in a short, plain speech excellently summed things up by saying: "If ever a man has earned a holiday, his Majesty has. But he can still find time to give pleasure to others." Sir Samuel Hoare (on Mr. Hyde's left) thereupon made a semi-political oration with cracks at Europe. At tea-time the King left by rowboat

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 202)

author the adjudicators had in the first place ascribed the story, an author so outstandingly brilliant that his work wins in a canter and yet so little known that a competitor could take a chance on getting away with it.

STRANGE doings at the South-Western Police Court. All the trappings of mystery and sensation were hoisted into position. The defendant was "a woman"; she was called "35A"; the alleged offence was not down on the charge sheet. Here was Star Chamber, Inquisition, Ogpu, Gestapo all rolled into one in our democratic land. Here was the thin end of the totalitarian wedge. But it was only a charge of driving 25 m.p.h. in Battersea Park, and the defendant was dismissed with an exchange of costs for compliments. She was the wife of Mr. Claud Mullins, a magistrate who sits three days a week at the South-Western Police Court. If there is any moral to be drawn from this odd business, it is that, in future, speeding in Battersea Park—oh, well, let 's leave it.

THE Palestine police have seized a consignment of drugs neatly concealed in eighty-one Bibles. This is a sort of inversion of Lenin's epigram that "religion is the opium of the people." The Bibles came from Paris, in itself a highly suspicious circumstance to an Anglo-Saxon copper with the right ideas about that wicked city.

HERE is a problem which puzzles me: there is an institution in the theatre called the Privilege Ticket Register, or Two-for-One, by which in certain circumstances members of the Register can buy two seats for the price of one. A few months ago, certain managers announced on placards outside their theatres that in no circumstances would the plays inside them be seen at cheaper rates at any other theatre. (This was a hit at the Register.) One of these theatres was Wyndham's, where *George and Margaret* was, and is, running. Now the management of *George and Margaret* has taken the Piccadilly, and *George and Margaret* is to be put on there at cheaper rates. The problem which puzzles me is, what on earth did those placards mean? Or, alternatively, if you like, do words mean anything?

Helping the Keeper

Lord Mansfield helped Col. P. G. M. Skene on with his gloves before the Black Watch side went out to field to the Argyll and Sutherland batsmen. The cricket match is a time-honoured fixture of the Black Watch garden-party at Doo'cet Park, Perth

GEORGIAN London is rapidly disappearing and nobody in authority seems to care two straws. The lovely squares are being ruined one by one, and in a few years London will be the ugliest city in the world. It is not only the professional vandals who are so criminally busy with pick and drill. Who can blame them, when Bedford Square, the last surviving square that is completely intact in all its loveliness, is threatened by the British Museum. To knock down a museum piece to make room for a museum seems an insanity of bureaucracy.

MR. A. A. MILNE has made his annual appeal on behalf of the Children's Country Holidays Fund, and in his letter to *The Times* he quotes some of the things the children have written on coming back from their holidays in the country. If they do not move you to your cheque-book or to the places where they sell postal orders, I for one will think the worse of you. One guinea provides a holiday for one child for a fortnight. And the address is: The Countess Brassey, Room A, 17, Buckingham Street, W.C.2.

THE Saturday before August Bank Holiday was a blazing hot day, and about five hundred people watched the boys of Cheltenham and Haileybury playing a tedious drawn match at England's national game at Lord's. On the Bank Holiday itself, another five hundred watched another drawn match between two sets of schoolboys. On the same two days at the Kennington Oval, Surrey and Notts also played an infinitely tedious draw. At the present rate, those who make a living by cricket are steadily killing their living, and one day the country will wake up to realise the infinite superiority of baseball as a spectacle.

Chairing the Bard

While the answer to the question "A oes Heddwch"—"Is there peace?" echoed through the Eisteddfod grounds at Cardiff, the victorious bards were honoured in the ancient ceremony last week. The chair bard here is Gwilliam R. Jones

Playing the Past

The tenth Duke of Marlborough and his wife and children played their ancestors in the Blenheim and Woodstock pageant in the Palace grounds. In this episode—announcing the Blenheim victory to Queen Anne—the actors are Lady Caroline Churchill, Lord Blandford, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. Kellet (Queen Anne) and Lady Sarah Churchill

Social Register

The Christening of George Andrew Beaumont

The Queen was a godmother to the fourth son and fifth child of Viscount and Viscountess Allendale, who was christened George Andrew at Christ Church, Down Street. Lord Allendale here stands behind his wife to the right, Lieut.-Com. Colin Buist, a godfather, is behind to the left, and Lady Halifax, who stood proxy for Queen Elizabeth, is on the left. The third godparent was Lord Stanley

Mr. D'Arcy Patrick Reilly and Miss Sykes

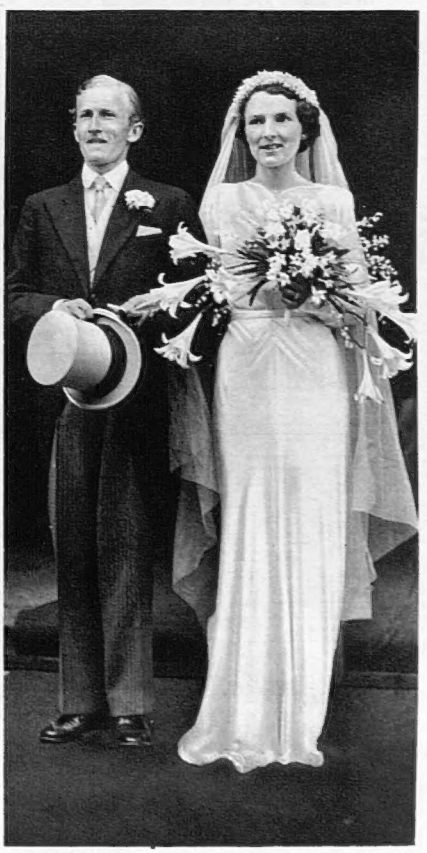
It was a Chelsea Old Church wedding between D'Arcy Patrick Reilly, H.M. Diplomatic Service, only son of Mr. Justice Reilly and Lady Reilly, and Rachel Mary Sykes, Brig.-Gen. Sir Percy and Lady Sykes' elder daughter. Lady Sykes afterwards held a reception at Whistler's House, Cheyne Walk, and the couple left for a honeymoon in Sweden

Capt. O. E. B. MacLeod and Miss Keighly-Peach

Captain Olaf MacLeod, Coke's Rifles, Frontier Force, only son of the late Lieut.-Col. J. N. MacLeod and Mrs. MacLeod, of Villa San José, Gibraltar, married Hester Keighly-Peach at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, with Bruce Seton as best man and a pipe-major to play them away. The bride is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fleetwood Keighly-Peach, of Rio Tinto

Mr. Barlow and Miss Ruby Sharpe

Walter Nevile Disney Barlow, 4-7th Royal Dragoon Guards, and Gladys Robina Landale (Ruby) Sharpe were married at Ercildoune Church, Earlston, Berwick. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Disney Barlow; she is the daughter of Maj. R. Sharpe, M.F.H., and Mrs. Sharpe. The page is John Cunningham



Mr. Biddulph and Miss Birchall

Anthony Biddulph is the only son of the Hon. Claud and Mrs. Biddulph, of Rodmarton, Cirencester; Mary Dearman Birchall is the daughter of Major Sir John and Lady Birchall, of Cotswold Farm, Cirencester. They were married at Cirencester Church

Festival Time at Malvern

Lady Hardwicke, Mr. and Mrs. Priestley

A garden-party was held at the opening of Malvern's eleventh drama festival to meet Lady Hardwicke, Capt. Roy Limbert and members of the company. J. B. Priestley, whose "Music at Night" made one of five distinguished first-nights there, was with his wife and Lady Hardwicke who, as Helena Pickard, acts in his play

Miss Hazel Terry

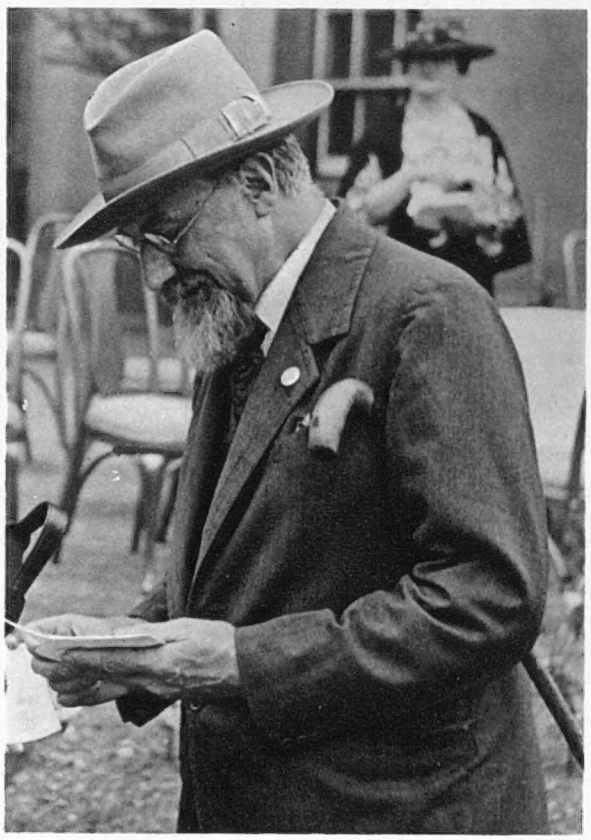
Hazel Terry, elegantly and coolly dressed at the Malvern drama company's garden-party, also takes a part in the Priestley play, "Music at Night"; she plays Nefertiti

H. I. Hsiung

There was a reception at the County Hotel after the first night of Shaw's "Geneva," where the author of "Lady Precious Stream" was photographed. He has a new play ready, "The Professor from Peking"

The "Bridie" Family at Someone Else's First Night

Dr. and Mrs. B. Mavor with sons Robert and Donald were photographed at the Shaw first night at Malvern on Bank Holiday. Five nights later (Friday), Dr. Mavor's own new play was due to appear — "The Last Trump," — under his better-known nom de guerre of James Bridie



Lord Dunsany

The eighteenth Baron of Dunsany was another first-night author at Malvern, his contribution was "Alexander," with Donald Wolfit in the name part. The fifth playwright who wrote specially for Malvern was C. K. Munro

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 83

Leonide Massine

MASSINE can do half-a-dozen things at once without turning a hair or losing track of any of them. I know. For while he was posing for Molly Bishop, he was talking to me, giving instructions about decor, passing or altering ballet dresses, taking an intelligent interest in his massage, and discussing the score of yet another ballet. Born in Russia of a musician father and an operatic mother, he learnt ballet and acting in Moscow, where he first appeared in the Moscow Small Theatre. In 1913 Diaghileff, searching for a successor to Nijinsky, took the seventeen-year-old boy into his company. Massine made his debut as one of the policemen in *Petrouchka*, London first seeing him in 1914 in the leading role of *La Légende de Joseph*. A year later he composed his first ballet, *Soleil de Minuit*, and from then until 1920 he was Diaghileff's chief choregrapher. Next we find him touring his own company in Buenos Aires, and then founding his own ballet school in London. C. B. Cochran persuaded him later to appear in *On With the Dance, Still Dancing*, and *Cochran's Revue*; and if he had chosen to become a second Fred Astaire he might easily have succeeded—as any of you who have seen *Gaité Parisienne* at Drury Lane this season will realise. However, he spent four more years with Diaghileff's company, from 1924 to 1928, and then in 1932 he joined Colonel de Basil's company, after an intervening three years in which he produced ballets at the Roxy in New York, the Opera House in Paris, and La Scala in Milan.

TO-DAY he weighs exactly what he did twenty years ago—a matter of 64 kilos—and yet he never diets. On the contrary, he travels everywhere with his Italian cook, whose farinaceous dishes would cause most people to give up any thoughts of a figure. What 's more, the said cook is always tormenting him with memories of his only home—three little islands, with a villa on each, between Capri and Amalfi—asking whether he thinks the grapes are yet ripe and how would he like a bathe. He has not seen them since last August, and he doubts whether he will see them before next year. For as soon as the present season is over, he has to go to America. "I am more a gypsy than the gypsies themselves," he says, in his curious Russian-Yankee accent.

Goodness knows how many ballets he has created. But this season alone he has produced *Nobilissima Visione, Gaité Parisienne* (which he did in a fortnight), and the ballet for Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. *Tricorne*, together with *Sacre du Printemps* and the *Symphonie Fantastique*, are his favourite creations, but he prefers *Scheherazade* to all other ballets. Some of the choregraphy in that, he says, will surely be immortal. As for humour and plot, you will soon be seeing *Tati-Tati*, his latest. Indeed, it may actually synchronise with this cameo, if it doesn't even precede it.

MASSINE doesn't believe in sleep. "It makes one lazy and gets one into bad habits," he says with a faun-like grin. Among his oddities are a refusal to live in hotels, and to travel wherever possible in a huge motor-trailer. He regards all films as imitation art, and therefore an undesirable medium for the living technique of ballet. He is married to a dancer, Eugenie Delarova. He is devoted to his Kerry Blue terrier "Smoky," whom he rescued in Vancouver. He has almost forgotten his first major ballet, *The Good-Humoured Ladies*, and he is invariably on the move, questing for something new and different. Let's hope that he doesn't decide to take dancing out of ballet and melody out of the accompanying music, for that is beginning to look like his latest fancy, excepting the aforesaid *Gaité Parisienne* and *Tati-Tati*.

Charles Graves

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"For heaven's sake, Nellie, dry up!"

HAVING recommended the installation of a microphone over the House of Lords cross-benches, with twelve earphones for the Strangers' Gallery, the Select Committee on the House of Lords Offices seem to have made up their minds that what goes on in the Upper House is worth hearing; which, relatively, it is, perhaps. Their Lordships, having more time for it, are on the average more capable of constructing a decent English sentence than the majority of chaps in the Commons, whose speeches, we need hardly remind you—even if Max Beerbohm had not gone gracefully into the matter years ago—are not what you read in the Parliamentary Reports, but in the main pitiful, disjointed, incoherent mumblings of no purport, value, or conclusion whatsoever. Some authorities trace the decline in Parliamentary oratory to the immediate post-war Business Parliaments, so full of hardheaded, brisk, masterful, push-and-go efficiency experts, accustomed to having their grammar and syntax cleaned up by girl hirelings at a pound a week. To translate their speeches into English gave the Press Gallery boys enormous trouble.

Meanwhile, the Speaker of the New South Wales Legislative Assembly announces that he proposes to stop Members of the Assembly buying speeches on any topic for ten shillings from "persons outside the House." Apparently the legislative boys have only themselves to blame for this. Reading their ten-bobs'-worth off openly under the Speaker's nose, instead of learning them by heart, was asking for it. Clergymen needn't take this trouble (and often don't) with sermons they buy; M.P.s are in a different category. The consequence of pure laziness will be, therefore, that the New South Wales public will miss henceforth those polished grammatical periods, that elegant, noble rhetoric which used to intoxicate them every breakfast-time, and the local Press Gallery boys will have to knock off their pitch-and-toss and poker during debate hours. Knowing one or two of our own Press Gallery boys, we realise this will be, in a word, hell.

Girls' Corner

IT appears now (if the news is of the faintest interest to anybody) that an anthem beginning "Grand Dieu, Sauvez le Roi," resembling very closely our own "God Save the King," written by Quinault and set to music by Lully, was sung by the girls of St. Cyr—the Heathfield of seventeenth-century France—when Louis XIV. visited their famous academy in 1691, some years before "God Save the King" was composed by either Dr. Arne or Dr. Bull. To us the story is chiefly interesting (if that), because it was for the girls of St. Cyr that Racine wrote two masterpieces, *Esther* and *Athalie*, and you don't find that sort of thing nowadays. Barring Holst, who composed a sort of runcible jig for the girls of St. Paul's, Hammersmith, nobody of eminence bothers much about girls' schools, unless he has their fees to pay. Somerset Maugham could have written a fine play for Roedean, showing love and hockey conflicting in the bosom of an Old Girl half-back and England international, but we don't think he ever has done. Galsworthy could have written a stark, if dull, piece for the Heathfield girls, showing the inevitable clash of class and code and loyalties when a middle-class person arrives in their midst, with only one personal maid; but he likewise never did, to our knowledge. Modern girls' academies don't interest the big boys, and now we think of it Holst was music-master of St. Paul's, and Racine probably wouldn't have given a pinch of stale wig-powder for the girls of St. Cyr if Madame de Maintenon, Louis XIV.'s wife, hadn't been founder of the college.

So neither of them, as it were, hit the trail in a frenzy of pioneering, and Racine may even have regretted having to waste good work on a pack of schoolgirls, though his agent reserved him all rights. On the other hand, maybe, many of the St. Cyr girls were so beautiful that Racine didn't mind—like a half-human mathematical chap with whom we once visited a famous girls' college in Massachusetts, packed with lovelies of a peach-like and breath-taking nature. The sight knocked this chap over so completely that he swore to write and dedicate to these exquisite creatures a new work on the Differential Calculus, and for all we know he is working on it now.

"Constant cold water?"

Astronomisch

MOZART being now, we humbly conjecture, among the blessed, contributing to yet more celestial harmonies and having no further concern with this world's follies, it is possible that our old tutor and idol James ("Boss") Agate's recent remarks on Mozart's failure to please him have not affected the Master to any extent. The Boss has no further use for Mozart, whose music he knew in infancy and has long rejected for more grown-up melody. His bluntly saying so in print somewhat annoyed Mr. Christie of Glyndebourne, who—*si nous osons nous exprimer ainsi*—has given Mozart a considerable social lift, even to causing Victoria Station to glitter with resplendent patrons impeccable in evening clothes at

an intempestive hour of a summer afternoon (recently, for the first performance of Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*, at 3.30, which moved a wondering Frenchman we overheard to ask if there was a big funeral). Mr. Christie incidentally assured Boss Agate that Glyndebourne fans are not snobs, which is true. The average Glyndebourne fan is acutely conscious of the freakish, un-English licentiousness of wearing evening clothes in the afternoon, and, it seems to us, is faintly apologetic under the stare of the proletariat.

On the other hand, he has the satisfaction of being correctly dressed, among a host of the best kind of people, similarly arrayed, to hear the world's finest music, sung by the cream of European artists in a beautiful opera-house set amid the loveliest scenery in South England. We ourselves, on the one occasion this season when we strolled in the cool sunset-tinted gardens of Glyndebourne during the interval, with the Downs purple and magical behind us, distinctly heard a ghostly Austrian voice murmuring " Astronomisch ! " and, turning, just glimpsed a vanishing shadowy periwig. If it was not the shade of the Master, thanking everybody for being so decent, it must have been the *mousse* of salmon we had for lunch.

Eyepiece

THE military value of the monocle, which officers in the Rumanian Army may wear henceforth only on production of a medical certificate, seems to be declining. The Prussian officer of the von Stroheim type, whose monocle at once, as it were, intensifies, combines, and crystallises the terrific cumulative effect of cropped skull, high, tight collar, corseted waistline, glossy jackboots, and possibly a soupçon of rouge —you remember that German Army Order a few years ago limiting the use of rouge to certain regiments of the Guards ?—even the Prussian of this type seems to be discarding that single glass through which he was wont to descry the rest of mankind with cold, contemptuous rage ; and now the Balkans are actually limiting its scope to humdrum practical purposes, as if those glorious wasp-waisted, brilliantined chaps in Lehar uniforms were ordinary short-sighted citizens. Thus does the monocle in its own spiritual home cease to be a caste-mark and become—how ignobly !—just one-half of a pair of pince-nez.

In our view the Rumanian military authorities are wrong. The psychological effect on the observer of the monocle, even when screwed into the most chinless civilian face, is considerable. Combined with the military pan and with uniform it is stupendous, whether of plain glass, worn for purposes of ritual and terror, or of glass serving some secondary purpose, such as correcting myopia. In conjunction with red tabs it flares as imperial as the beard of Charlemagne, and it has always seemed significant to us that the French Army seems much to prefer pince-nez. *Pince-nez* ! Good God ! And look at their buttons in the last war !

Hayseed's Lure

AS if British Agriculture were not already in a desperate enough condition, it seems from a recent *Times* correspondence that the agriculturist has yet another misery. Having to go to bed before 10 p.m., he misses the Second News-Bulletin (Copyright Reserved—nobody knows why), which gentlemen recite to him in cheerful, cultured accents over the National wavelength from Broadcasting House, and this deprivation apparently drives him mad with rage and disappointment ; especially, one gathers, at missing the latest cricket scores. In our own Southern village, where the locals have just been getting in the hay, we haven't as yet noticed any outbreaks of lamentation or fury. About 25 per cent. of the inhabitants have a wireless set, and the hush of a country Sunday morning is agreeably mitigated nowadays for miles round by nasal non-Aryan voices howling the latest erotic negroid lament from the swamps of Broadway. Our locals don't worry overmuch about another Turk aged 125 being discovered in Anatolia, or the Sudeten German question, or the Palestine troubles, everything foreign (which includes all the rest of England) being to us quite fantastic and faery and unconnected with reality, as if it happened in the Moon. But we love jazz, and anybody trying to deprive us of it would soon find pitchforks menacing his trousers. Perhaps the rest of rural England is different, but down our way we can always do without news. Rare, tedious old fandangled stuffs, it seems to us, even if we could invariably make out what the gentleman in London is talking about. Down at the village pub it 's generally switched off, by general request, after the first minute or so, and more jazz is turned on. There 's something in the more epileptic Voodoo rhythm which soothes the rustic Anglo-Saxon breast. Some time ago a party of earnest ladies and gents from London, some in pince-nez, were giving us a folk-display, singing us curious songs which (so they averred) our fathers loved. We stared at them dully believing them to be crazy.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Have you got the green and red spotted hack that I had yesterday ? "

Films of the Day

Naïveté—Ancient and Modern

By George Campbell

After *The Sheik*, very properly, comes *Son of the Sheik*; and hard-boiled young people, with smiles of anticipation on their faces, keep asking me which of these two classics they should see. The answer is either, or neither, or (if you have a genuine passion for period pieces) both.

The Sheik, with its orgy of eye-rolling and leers and the heroine's shrinkings from a fate which she dreads worse than death, only to change her mind in reel nine, has not one gleam of humour. *Son of the Sheik*, with Karl Dane as the philandering attendant, and captions by George Marion, Jun., the leading wise-cracker of his day, is meant to be rather funny. Agnes Ayres, in *The Sheik*, gnaws the couch of dishonour, tears the scenery to pieces, and generally gives you the works. Vilma Banky, the lovely Hungarian who had just been imported by Sam Goldwyn, plays the dancing-girl in *Son of the Sheik* with a restraint rare at this gusty period. All of which makes *The Sheik* distinctly better fun for the irreverent. Only Valentino is the same in both pictures, except that in the later picture he also plays the father, complete with beard, a jerky gait, an imperious temper, and a now matronly Agnes Ayres.

Naïvete did not end with the early 1920's. One of the new films, *Call of the Yukon*, is just as ingenuous as *The Sheik*. Here we meet that familiar figure, the civilised girl who is revolted by the apparent brutality of the hero, only to realise in the last reel, when his ruthlessness and daring have saved her life, that he is her mate.

The scene is an Eskimo settlement in the Frozen North, harassed by a woman novelist and wolves, led (the wolves, I mean) by one of those creatures dear to the heart of the fiction-writer ever since Jack London's *White Fang*—a dog-wolf. An attempt to round them up by using reindeer as bait leads to the reindeer—and apparently some of the hunters—being devoured by the pack, and the whole community hits the trail for safer parts—all except the novelist, the hunter she fears, her two tame bears, her collie dog called Firefly, and Winkey, her talking raven.

When she is forced to leave, the menagerie is let loose, but it won't surprise you to hear that the bears, and Winkey, and Firefly keep turning up regularly in these snowy solitudes. At one time it looks as if Firefly will be seduced away from Swift Lightning by the sophisticated charms of Buck, the giant St. Bernard. It takes the break-up of the ice-pack, the loss of the hunter's furs, dogs and sledge, a fight between him and the nice young trader, and a deal of loving kindness displayed by the hunter to the dog-wolf, "before Jean and Firefly realise to whom their lives really belong." Truly Nature works in mysterious ways its wonders to perform.

"The Shopworn Angel" shows signs of having been cleaned up for the benefit of Mr. Hays. Regularly though we see the heroine (Margaret Sullavan) visited by the millionaire (Walter Pidgeon) who finances her shows, generally when she is in bed recovering from a terrific hangover, there is never a hint that he expects any amatory dividends on his money. And when she meets an innocent young soldier from Texas (James Stewart), her rich boy-friend still behaves like a perfect gentleman, except for the rather naughty sense of humour which leads him to mix up some undress pictures of the actress amongst the charming studies, in chiffon and picture hats, which she wishes to show the soldier.

The triangle eventually reaches the point where nobody seems to know quite what to do about it, and the conclusion, relying as it does on a lavish dose of sentiment and the doughboy's luck in being killed before he discovers that the girl loves his rival, is neither logical nor dramatically tidy. By way of compensation, James Stewart, Margaret Sullavan and Walter Pidgeon all act extremely well, especially Mr. Stewart, and the writing has an agreeable flavour of character and humour.

Two other American pictures have some claim to attention. *Gold is Where You Find It* is a tale of the conflict between gold-miners and agriculturists in California in the 1870's, effectively told, competently acted by Claude Rains, George Brent and a strong supporting cast, and very well photographed in colour. The shots of mining operations are picturesque, and the flood that wipes out the mining camp, sweeping everything before it in one mad yellow inundation, could hardly have been more exciting if it had been contrived by Sam Goldwyn.

"Condemned Women" is one of those melodramas that Hollywood turns out so efficiently at comparatively small expense. The prison atmosphere is realistic, if my reading is any guide, the gaol-break is exciting, and Verree Teesdale, as the woman convict who shoots her way to freedom, is tough enough to bring back memories of Wallace Beery's "Butch" in *The Big House*. Sally Eilers' charm and integrity in the heroine's role makes one wonder again why such a gifted young actress has dropped from the high place she won a few years ago in films like *Bad Girl*.

Of *Kidnapped* I need only say that though history has been jazzed up, and the characters have been changed and the accents may sound a trifle queer to a Highlander, there are whole passages that Stevenson would probably have found familiar. Warner Baxter makes a dashing if slightly trans-Atlantic Alan Breck; Freddie Bartholomew is agreeably less pious than usual as David; C. Aubrey Smith plays the Duke of Argyll, as per instructions, with an English accent, and Miles Mander comes near stealing the picture with his study of the mean, cringing, murderous old scoundrel of an uncle who tries to defraud David of his heritage.

*"**Kidnapped**" is a jazzed-up film version of Robert Louis Stevenson's splendid adventure story and though for English and Scottish ears the accents may not be quite right, it is a good piece of work. Left to right are Nigel Bruce, Arleen Whelan as Jean MacDonald, Mary Gordon and Warner Baxter as Alan Breck*

***Freddie Bartholomew** plays the part of Davie in "Kidnapped" and plays it well; he is here under Warner Baxter's protection. The film was directed by Alfred Werker for Darryl Zanuck, is reviewed on this page, went to the Gaumont for Bank Holiday*

"Julius Cæsar" Up-to-Date

Televising a Shakespearean Warning to Dictators

The Leader speaks: "Set on; and leave no ceremony out"

Cæsar at the top of his power passes across the stage in Act I., on his way to be offered a crown ("yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets"). From left to right are Messala (John Turnbull), Casca (Lawrence Hanray), Portia (Carol Goodner), Calpurnia (Laura Cowie) and Julius Cæsar (Ernest Milton)

The Producer

The Leader dies (right) and seems to be the only one taking things seriously. The others regard this liquidation with storm trooper impassivity, except that they concede enough to antiquity to use daggers, not bullets. Cæsar (Ernest Milton) is saying his one bit in Latin; the others are Eric Chitty, Stuart Latham, Anthony Ireland (Cassius), Sebastian Shaw (Brutus), A. Harding Sherman and Lawrence Hanray

On the left is Dallas Bower taking the camera's view of a tricky shot of Antony

The Leader is avenged (right) by his one faithful supporter, the lively little Minister for Propaganda Dr. Mark Antony, who whips the mob into an anti-Brutus pogrom which includes tearing a poet named after a conspirator "for his bad verses." Literature then, as now, suffered at the hands of politics. D. A. Clarke-Smith played Antony at Alexandra Palace

Shakespeare took a drama of ancient Rome and set it fifteen hundred years later into his own time (a clock strikes in Act II., Scene I.), so to move *Julius Cæsar* another five hundred years into our time is no solecism on the part of producer Dallas Bower, of the B.B.C. television service. On the contrary, the atmosphere of autocracy, the easily swayed crowds, the Roman salutes and the cries of "Hail, Cæsar!" make the play as modern as the uniforms whose originals are not far to seek. These pictures were taken on the set at Alexandra Palace, whence *Julius Cæsar* in modern dress was broadcast recently. Margaret Bannerman is now planning to stage *Julius Cæsar* up-to-date

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Artful Chinaman

By V. S. Pritchett

IN *My Country and My People* Lin Yutang wrote a delightful and instructive interpretation of the Chinese character, one which appealed to the sentimental anarchist who fidgets in every Anglo-Saxon bosom. Now, in *The Importance of Living* (Heinemann; 15*s.*), he has turned amateur philosopher-journalist, garrulous in the market-place, telling the plain American that he is missing all the fun, teasing him for his punctuality, his efficiency and success and, with copious examples from Chinese fable, anecdote and history, putting the charm of Chinese reasonableness, materialism, passivity and harmony with nature against the idealism and logic of the West:

> Life, after all, is made up of eating and sleeping, of meeting and saying good-bye to friends, of reunions and farewells, of tears and laughter, of having a hair-cut once in two weeks, of watering a potted flower and watching one's neighbour fall off his roof. . . .
>
> Lindbergh would be much happier if he had flown only half-way across the Atlantic.

The answer to the latter proposition is, of course, that Lindbergh would be dead; and to the former, that Lin Yutang has been reading too much G. K. Chesterton.

The aim of philosophy is said to be to teach men how to die—a peculiarly Christian view. For the Chinese, if we are to believe Mr. Lin Yutang, its aim is rather to tell us how to get through by the skin of our teeth. The crude western man can only note that if China is the pacifist's paradise, it is also the paradise of tyrants; that though tyrants may die if you give them rope enough to hang themselves, it is probable that they will hang the philosopher first. If Chinese culture has preserved the minor pleasures, it has left the road open for the major disasters.

The Chinese, like the Spaniards, can, of course, point to the exceptional tenacity and imperviousness of their race. And I would recommend English pacifists to study the nature of Chinese non-resistance. It is not ethical. It is, as Lin Yutang says, like the pacifism of Sancho Panza and the old scamp. The cheek is turned, but there is a shrewd grin on the other side of it. One is reminded of the lugubrious snigger on the gravestones of English cemeteries: *As I am now, so you will be.* This malign note runs through the peculiar lyricism of the Chinese. Thus Chin Shengstan's delightful poem on his *Thirty-Three Happy Moments* tells of exquisite minor pleasures such as the satisfaction of the smell of sulphur in the nostrils after a firework display, of hearing "our children recite the classics fluently," of cutting "with a sharp knife a bright green water-melon on a big scarlet plate of a summer afternoon"—but adds: "To see someone's kite-line broken. Ah, is this not happiness?" There is a good deal of trite naughtiness in this book written to tease the tired business man, and I suspect plenty of the stage Chinaman—the exile is always forced into this false position of court jester; but there is grace and charm as well, and one goes with pleasure from one oasis to the next.

A FAR more precise picture emerges in Miss Eloise Talcott Hibbert's portraits of famous Chinese women,

Lin Yutang

The author of "My Country and My People" has followed up that picture of China and the Chinese with "The Importance of Living," a survey of the Cathayan view of life and its contrast with ours. It is published by Heinemann and reviewed here

Embroidered Gauze (The Bodley Head; 12*s.* 6*d.*). They have been selected from the time of Confucius to the last Empress, that strange Queen Victoria of the East. Strict Confucianism gave the wives an imprisoned but long life with honour and power in old age; it was a progress from the docility of the bridal slave to the pleasures of despotism as a mother-in-law. The concubines lived more intensely and briefly, and their extravagant happiness, with its always sudden and disastrous end by hanging or the axe, has the fabulous air of fairy-tales. The fragrant Hsi Shih lived in palaces, built at her desire, with windows of pearl. The Emperor, whose state she was intriguing to ruin, combed her hair as she fished for gold-fish in the lake, and a colonnade of marble was built on top of thousands of earthenware jars so that the feet of dancers there sounded like the chiming of bells. When the over-taxed peasants rebelled and the Emperor was obliged to return to the capital, she made him cut a canal through to the heart of the city so that she could go by water. It looked like caprice, but it was part of Hsi Shih's plan. In all these portraits the same motif runs: under the extravagant gauze of the Chinese women is the good, plain serviceable silk or cotton.

THE other side of the passive Chinese instinct for living in harmony with nature is the failure to deal with disease and famine. Yet when one turns to the American, *Fight for Life*, by Paul de Kruif (Cape; 12*s.* 6*d.*), which gives a picturesque and spirited popular account of the adventures of research into the perils of child-birth, tuberculosis, syphilis and infantile paralysis, it is a shock to find that words like terror, demon, devil—all the stuff of superstition—are used to hot up Mr. Kruif's narrative to the point of incantation. His facts are engrossing, and he can make the very topical story of infantile paralysis, for example, as thrilling as a Wild West film. But is "thrilling" the right line? Here he goes: "Nevertheless, thanks to the monkey science of pioneer Karl Landsteiner, 1909 saw the laboratories of the world in a taut fury of searching." Scientists will adore "taut fury." I am quite certain that this sensational method of writing about disease is pernicious; it makes me laugh, but it will fill many people with unnecessary, morbid and perhaps predisposing fear. And on the effects of fear let me quote Mr. Kruif, in one of his calmer moments, on the work of Dr. Read on childbirth: "It is the absence of the fiend of fear—or so Read believes — that makes the coming of a baby to a savage woman a stern work, yes, yet all but painless." Still, Mr. Kruif's warlike language is meant to stimulate a sort of Popular Front against disease, a Popular Front which will take the battle out of the hands of quixotic private charity and put it into the hands of the state. There I am with him.

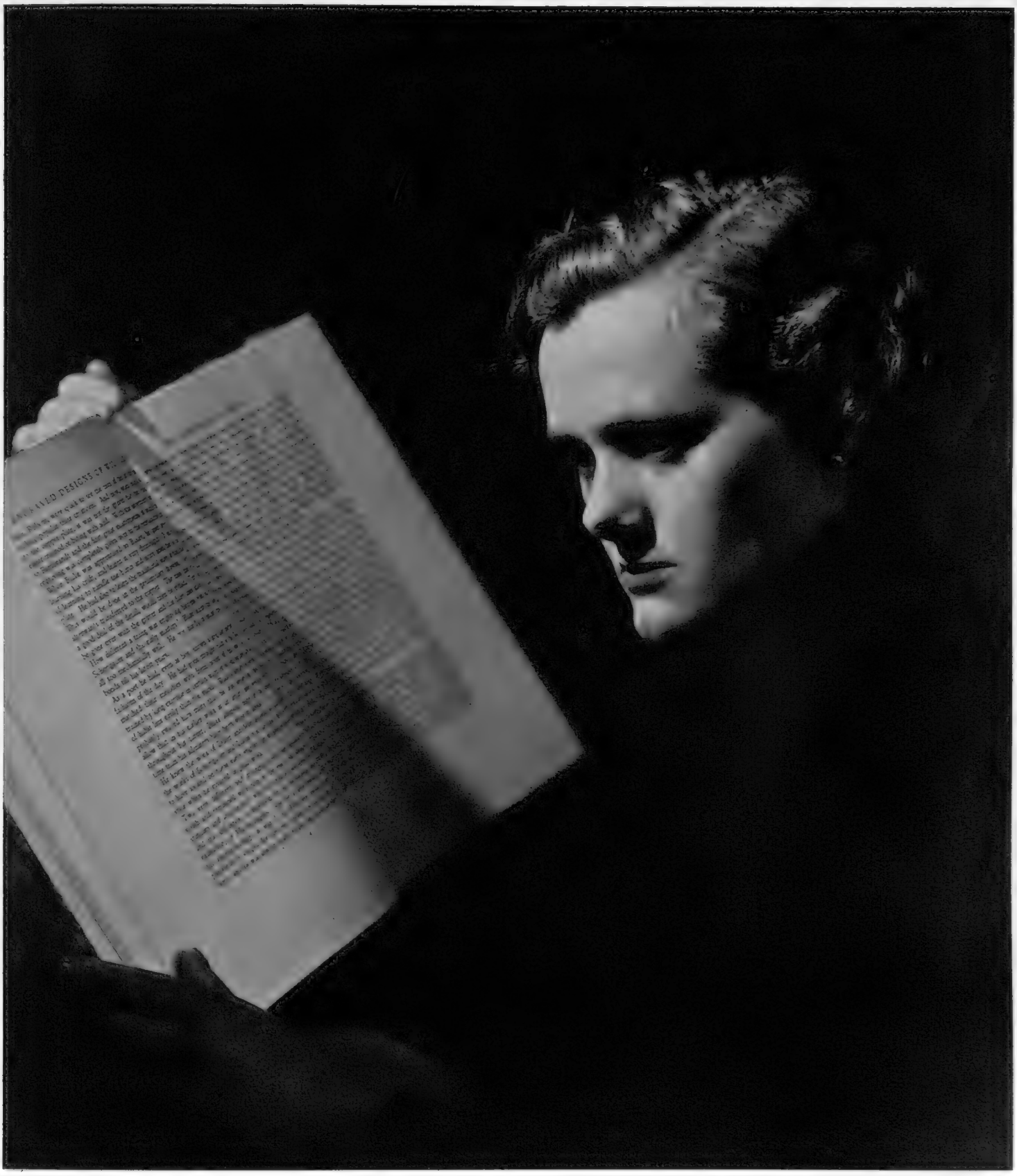
AFTER these tempestuous foreigners, there is respite in the mild English of Lady Wilson's *Late Summer* (Macmillan; 8*s.* 6*d.*). This is a quite uneventful picture of life in a country house in the first year of this century, seen through the eyes of an unmarried woman on the threshold of middle age. There is the pleasure, the tedium, the surprise of turning over the pictures of old illustrated papers in this book. Here, a faded Ascot, a forgotten Derby, jaunty, stolid but out-moded on the shiny paper, an early motor-car snapping back at the disapproving butler, a woman realising her youth has gone and accepting the burden of the past as a duty. Sensible enough to smile when what she thought was going to be a proposal of marriage turns out to be a request for the stabling of a pony. This is not a sentimental book; it does not trade on obvious pathos; it is slight, truthful and quiet comedy.

For the novel reader I suggest:

Twenty-four Tales. By Gerald Bullett. (Dent; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Ten-a-Penny People. By Jim Phelan. (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Lisa Vale. By Olive Higgins Prouty. (Hodder and Stoughton; 8*s.* 6*d.*)



Pamela Booth

Study of an Author—Daphne du Maurier

Daphne du Maurier is both a novelist and a family chronicler. *Gerald*, a portrait of her father, the late Sir Gerald du Maurier, and *The du Mauriers*, a beautifully written history of her talented, highly-strung, attractive forbears and relations, are her best-known works. As a novelist she has been on the publishers' lists since 1931. *Rebecca*, her latest, has just come out, and *Jamaica*, last year's novel, has been chosen by Charles Laughton for his new film. It is a nineteenth-century smuggling story, set on the Cornwall coast which she knows very well, having sailed and walked from Fowey since her childhood. In private life, Daphne du Maurier is a soldier's wife and mother of two daughters. Her husband is Lieut.-Colonel F. A. M. Browning, who commands the second battalion of the Grenadier Guards. Her daughters, aged four and fifteen months, are Tessa and Flavia

Ballet Extremes

d'Erlanger and Hindemith

By Arnold L. Haskell

THE rival companies have given two "world premières" in London, each one of an extreme nature, so violent in contrast that they form a useful text for the critic.

Covent Garden's *Cinderella* is the famous fairy-tale told from no new angle, but with charm and great clarity; a fine, straightforward piece of balletic story-telling. Its high level is the dance of the fitting of the shoe; its low level the ugly sisters' "business" with the corsets. Its music, by d'Erlanger, is melodious, eminently danceable, but suffers from over modulation. It is extremely well-orchestrated, well-behaved theatre music. Gontcharova's costumes and decors do not reach the heights of her *Coq d'Or*; they are a little heavy for Perrault's delicate tale, but their general effect is excellent.

FOR me, the clou of the performance was Tatiana Riabouchinska's Cinderella, a really human figure that held one's sympathy and interest the entire time. Of her dancing it is unnecessary to talk. To-day, she is of the very front rank. Lichine, in a passive role, made a romantic Prince, and it is to his credit that to-day he can shine in a passive role.

This is no *Petrouchka* or *Firebird*, not by a mile, but it does give pleasure, through its observance of certain fundamental principles that Fokine himself elaborated at the beginning of his career, and in that respect it is a school piece that might be studied to advantage by those across the road!

THE Drury Lane *Nobilissima Visione* sets out to tell a complicated story, and from the start fails to make itself coherent. The music by Hindemith may be extraordinarily fine technically: I do not pretend to be sufficient of an expert to judge it from that point of view; but to my ear it sounds, but for brief interludes, like so much unpleasant noise signifying nothing. I am convinced that, at any rate, it is thoroughly bad theatre music. Choregraphically, Massine has collaborated very closely with the composer, and it is quite evident that his effort has been sincere. Unfortunately, it suffers from the one unforgivable sin: it is dull. Such a work might have meant something in the amusing "twenties" to the small coterie that patronised ballet, especially after it had been pruned and censored by Diaghileff's master touch; to-day it falls flat. Perhaps some of its merits have been hidden by the most tasteless costumes and décor that I can ever remember having seen. Tschelistcheff has indeed succeeded in what seemed an impossibility, in making Massine appear ridiculous on the stage.

WHAT a relief to run across the road and to see Massine choregraphically at his most brilliant in *Scuola di Ballo*, and to dream of the performance he once gave, in the days when Massine the choregrapher was kind to Massine the dancer.

Cinderella may be marking time, but *Nobilissima Visione* is a step backwards. Coming after the Beethoven *Seventh Symphony* and *Gaîté Parisienne*, it seems to prove conclusively that Massine the artistic director is unworthy of Massine the dancer and Massine the choregrapher.

THE most notable dancing was that of Theilade. Massine had used her very charming mannerisms to advantage. As Poverty, she was sensuous and seductive, and also entirely out of keeping with the theme, but she brought a touch of true theatre that was heartily welcome.

IN the busy season of 1938, Russian ballet has proved itself totally lacking in ideas. It has lacked a *Horoscope* or *Checkmate*. Lichine's small *Protée* alone gives a ray of hope for the future.

"Protée": David Lichine and Alexandra Denissova

Last year we had three new Lichine ballets at Covent Garden, "Francesca da Rimini," his version of "The Gods Go A-Begging," and the ill-starred "Lion Amoureux." This year he has given us only "Protée," slight, but thoroughly worked out and very charming in its Grecian stylisation. The music is Debussy's, the decor and dresses by Giorgio di Chirico

Anthony

Natacha Sobinova and Anna Adrianova

The five girls Lichine chose to dance with him in "Protée" are a delightful and very international quintette. Of the three here, Adrianova is American already a soloist of quality and marked musicality, and Denissova and Sobinova are newcomers from Vancouver whose work shows much promise. Then there is Sono Osato, one of the most fascinating among the younger dancers, and the fifth is another newcomer, the French Lina Lerina

First Tableau: the Duel Between the Knight and St. Francis

"Nobilissima Visione"

Action Pictures of Massine's Latest Ballet

Photographs by Merlyn Severn

These action pictures were taken during a performance at Drury Lane of the Massine-Hindemith ballet on St. Francis, of which Mr. Haskell gives his opinion on the opposite page. In the first tableau (above) a gallant and richly dressed knight (Frederick Franklin) visits the Bernadone home and inspires with a longing for a soldier's life the young Bernadone, who tries his swordsmanship against the visitor. Behind the duellists are St. Francis' father (Simon Semenoff) and his three friends (Fenchel, Panaieff and Guérard). Below are Poverty (Nini Theilade), St. Francis (Massine) and some of the Minor Brothers and Sisters in front of the mountains and strange marble sky that the artist, Paul Tchelistcheff, has devised for the fifth tableau. Studies of Massine and Theilade as St. Francis and Poverty appeared in last week's issue

Fifth Tableau: Poverty Leads St. Francis to the Heights of Exaltation

Sunning in the South: A Riviera Review

Lady Patrick Crichton-Stuart

Lord Bute's attractive Swedish daughter-in-law (she was, Jane von Bahr, of Stockholm) chose to wear a pair of the new sun-bathe knickers and a pair of the new two-inch cork-soled sandals for Monte Carlo beach. She and her husband have just bought a villa there

Lady Mappin

Sir Charles Mappin's wife was another Monte Carlo beauty, and she looked remarkably cool in a lace-trimmed linen beach-suit. She had just arrived after a stop-off in Paris

Mr. and Mrs.

This pleasant couple of young- for a photograph, the Swiss Mr. Somerset Maugham's dressed. They had motored Cap Ferrat villa of her

Miss Hamill and Madame Bunau-Varilla

This picture of actress Kathryn Hamill and Mme. Etienne Bunau-Varilla was taken at Eden Roc. Mme. Bunau-Varilla is the wife of the well-known winter sportsman and non-running captain of the French Olympic and FIS teams

Mr. Jim Mollison

The air ace was basking at Eden Roc and did not choose over the August Bank Holiday to give our newspapers a startling aerobatic story as he did at Whitsun

Vincent Paravicini

marrieds are, of course, always good Minister's son being tall and handsome, daughter, Lisa, being pretty and well-over to Monte Carlo beach from the father, where they are staying with him

Lady Manton

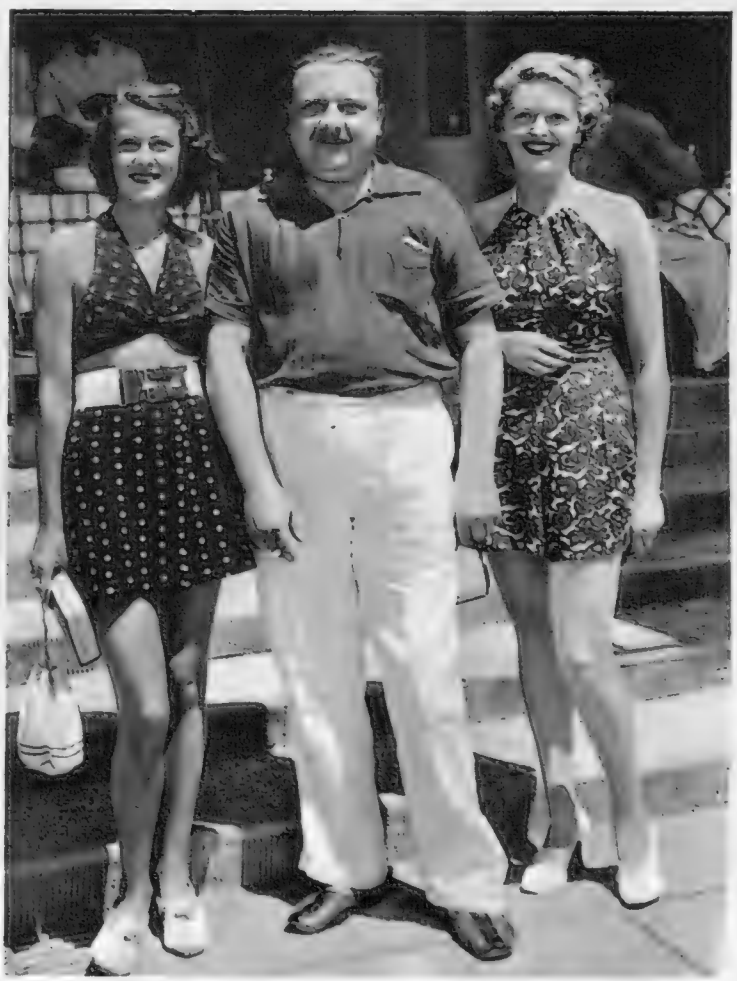
Lady Manton wore a print romper-suit of mixed floral and hieroglyphic design at Monte Carlo. Her marriage was dissolved in 1936 and she now lives at Melton Mowbray. She is Colonel Philip Langdale's daughter

Lady Morris

Young Lady Morris, who was Jean Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, favoured a flower design for Monte Carlo beach wear. She presented her solicitor-husband with twins early this year

Mr. and Mrs. Stirling-Home-Drummond-Moray

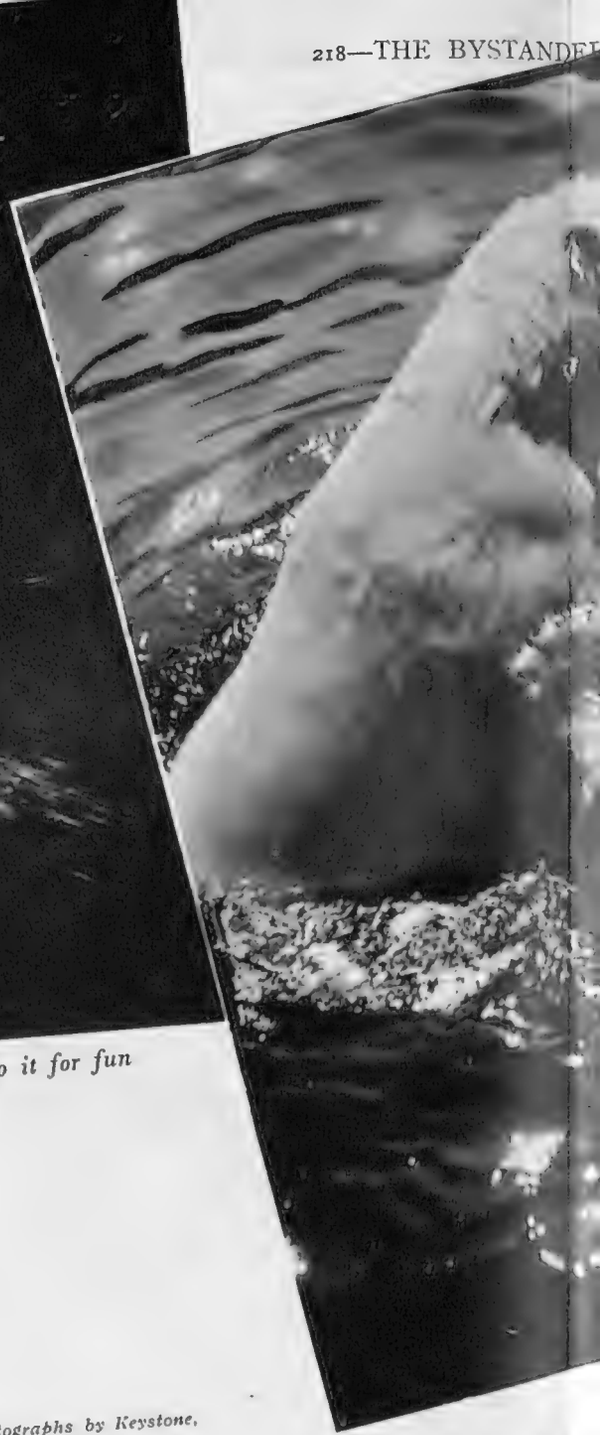
Andrew Drummond Moray and his newly-married wife (who was Bridget Robertson) were honeymooning at Beaulieu. They were both learning water-ski-ing at Monte Carlo and she—already an expert snow skieuse—took to it rapidly. He is Captain and the Hon. Mrs. D. Moray's son



Miss Keiley, Lord Hindlip, Miss Marlowe

Lord Hindlip, in informal (beltless) slacks and moccasin slippers, made a very cheerful filling to a sandwich of brunette Virginia Keiley and blonde Gwen Marlowe. He is the fourth Baron of the Allsopp line; the girls are television players

They do it for fun



Photographs by Keystone, Planet News, Lukas, Jiru

They do it for exercise

They do it for love

They do it because they're put there

In August there is the rush to the water. Round the British Isles innumerable human bodies are received by the impersonal sea, suffered to splash and shriek and play ball in its waves, to sit and dig on its sands. Inland bathing-pools are seen to contain more solid than liquid per cubic foot. Port of London Authority police jump fully clothed into the West India Dock. Journalists in hot Fleet Street offices look savagely at bathing pictures

ıe Joys of Immersion: Let's Do It, Let's Fall In . . .

And they do it to test out their lifejackets

Baron

A Polo Player—

Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay

The Duke and Duchess of Hamilton's younger daughter is almost as active in the realm of sport as her famous brother, Lord Clydesdale. She is not only a keen polo player, but keen on furthering the game for women. She has captained the Fernie team and a month ago she played No. 1 for The Oddments, who reached the final of the Clanbrassil Cup tournament, to be beaten by Grimsthorpe. She was Chairman of the Polo Ball this year which was in aid of the Chelsea Boys' Club. She married James Drummond-Hay of Seggieden in 1930, and they, their son and two daughters live in Dolphin Court

Battles, Barcelona

—and a Tennis Player

The Infanta Maria Christina

Maria Christina Teresa Alejandra Guadalupe Concepcion Ildefonsa Victoria Eugenia of Spain has an entirely English outlook on most things, including games. She is particularly keen on lawn tennis and, for instance, rarely misses one of Lady Crosfield's tennis parties where she played this year as Miss Christine Greville. The Infanta Maria Christina is a great-grandchild of Queen Victoria, a member of the same generation as the King, the Crown Prince of Norway and Lady Iris Mountbatten, who are her cousins. She was just twenty when her father abdicated the Spanish throne; her mother, the ex-Queen, has a house in Porchester Terrace, and they spend much of their time with her grandmother, Princess Beatrice, at Kensington Palace. At present they are in Italy

With the Services (No. 18)

Bayonets

The bayonet is a weapon of some antiquity and there is controversy about the origin of the word. It is most probable that the name comes from Bayonne, where a dagger called the bayonnette was made late in the fourteen-hundreds: in the seventeenth century it is recorded that soldiers used such daggers fitted to the muzzle of their carbines and a similar sword attachment became the usual equipment for infantry with firearms from 1700 onwards. Bayonet practice is still part of a British soldier's training, for it is excellent exercise and it brings home with forceful simplicity the lethal aim of warfare. These pictures were taken by Norman Parkinson at the Small Arms School, Hythe (see *With the Services*, No. 17, July 27th)

1. ***On Guard*** *is the first command of bayonet drill, and the soldier places his right hand on the stock and his left on the barrel. The dummy on the left has it coming to him in a moment, but fortunately his shirt-front, painted with vulnerable spots is replaceable (a retired sailor does this at Hythe)*

2. ***Point*** *is the vital command in this mixture of fencing, darts and billiards ("the best fun in the Army" say old soldiers), and this man scores nicely in the right stomach. The bayonets here are the newly issued nine-inchers, which are not so liable as the old to snap in use*

3. ***Hitting when down*** *is not taboo in the bayonet code, and the men are trained to tent-peg fallen foes from all angles. The point is usually made when four or five feet distant, three inches of bayonet in the right place being sufficient to let light into uebermensch and untermensch alike*

4. ***Foot on*** *is the third command, and withdraw is the fourth in this cycle; and each action is performed to command until it becomes instinctive. Quickness of withdrawal is essential in bayonet-fighting, for as long as your weapon is in someone else's body you are defenceless*

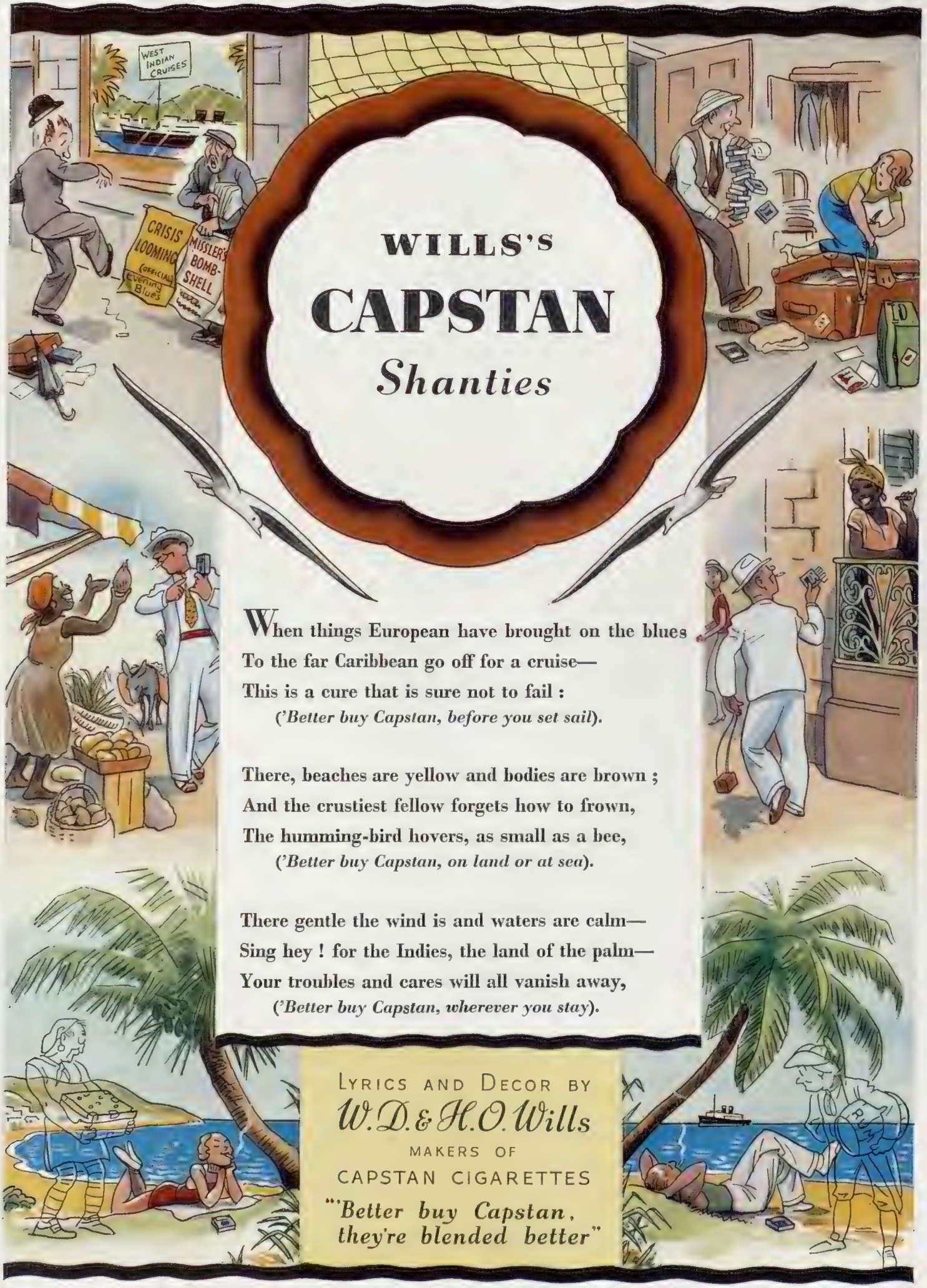
Pure Shellfishness!

There's nothing like a

Guinness

with Lobster

G.E.772.A.



WILLS'S

CAPSTAN

Shanties

When things European have brought on the blues
To the far Caribbean go off for a cruise—
This is a cure that is sure not to fail :
('Better buy Capstan, before you set sail).

There, beaches are yellow and bodies are brown ;
And the crustiest fellow forgets how to frown,
The humming-bird hovers, as small as a bee,
('Better buy Capstan, on land or at sea).

There gentle the wind is and waters are calm—
Sing hey ! for the Indies, the land of the palm—
Your troubles and cares will all vanish away,
('Better buy Capstan, wherever you stay).

LYRICS AND DECOR BY
W.D.&H.O.Wills
MAKERS OF
CAPSTAN CIGARETTES
"'Better buy Capstan, they're blended better"

W. D. & H. O. Wills Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd. C.C.622

"Bystander" Short Story No. 151

The Plans of Mice

By Norah C. James

Illustrations by C. F. Tunnicliffe

WHEN Sid came out of prison he took a vow to go straight. He had a widowed mother, but he took the vow in spite of her. He knew his mother; she liked her drop of comfort, and she liked it all the time when she could get it. That may, or may not, have been the reason why Sid had found it the lesser of two evils to go crooked rather than straight before.

It was quite by accident that he heard about the emeralds. At least, it was by accident that the Boy happened to come out of Wormwood Scrubs the very day that Sid was in that café. Sid was there because he was tired of standing at the street corner near the Employment Exchange. The stories they swopped there, he 'd heard months before, but he had to give a quirking smile in case the other fellows thought he was being upstage. What was the good of going to an Employment Exchange, anyway? They never had a job he could apply for, because he 'd never had a real job. The only one he was good at he couldn't apply for.

So Sid was sitting in the café, with a big, thick, white cup of coffee on the table in front of him, when he saw the Boy sidle through the door. He didn't move when he saw him. It wasn't done to recognise a friend in those circumstances, unless he acknowledged that he saw you first. The Boy came straight to Sid's table after his first glance round. He sat down and they began to talk together. Presently he looked round and shouted to Gladys, the waitress.

"Another cup of coffee." Gladys, a pert, dark girl gave a jerk of her head to show that she had heard, but made no sign of ending her conversation with the fair, curly-haired man at a table near the bar.

While the two men waited for the coffee, the Boy told Sid all about the emerald necklace. How old Sykes, the jeweller in Oxford Street, kept it in his office at the top of the building, and how it was worth fifty thousand pounds. Sid simply didn't believe the sum, and said so. The Boy was hurt; he hadn't been in prison all that time not to know the worth of a thing like that. What else did you expect to get out of gaol if it wasn't information of that kind? He felt that his word had been doubted and he was affronted. It was bad enough to come out of Wormwood Scrubs and find that your landlady had sold your belongings in lieu of rent, including a beautiful set of housebreaking tools, without having your word doubted by a pal. To appease the boy, Sid asked to be told all the details about the emerald necklace. He learned that it had belonged to the wife of some Indian Prince, and that it was one of the finest of its kind known. The Boy didn't seem interested in the idea of stealing it; he just handed on the information he 'd acquired in prison.

WHEN Sid left the Boy, he had decided that he would get hold of the emerald necklace. He didn't let his companion know this. Sid believed in keeping his mouth shut. He didn't want to have a lot of other people butting in on his affairs. If more than one person knew a thing, you could be pretty certain that a number of other people knew it too. That was human nature, wasn't it? And there was no accounting for human nature, in Sid's opinion.

As he walked along Greek Street, Sid thought about the talk he 'd had with the Boy. Pity he was such a weak sister; not a bad chap really, so long as you hadn't got to rely on him in a jam. Sid frowned and turned his head to sniff at the smutty lilac blossoms in Soho Square. This emerald necklace, he must think about it. He began to envisage the jewels. He saw the green fire sparkling in front of his eyes, only to find that it was the green light of a traffic-signal. Sid walked on into Oxford Street. He went by the building where the jeweller had his shop. He walked past the window several times and glanced sideways at the display rather as if he thought it were a wild animal that might bite him. He noticed the thin iron grille across the glass, but that didn't worry him because he knew from the Boy that the necklace wasn't in the shop at all. The jeweller kept it in the office at the top of the building.

It took Sid three weeks to strike up an acquaintance with one of the assistants. It was one of the errand-boys he went for. He 'd noticed the boy several times, going in and out of the building, a tall fellow who looked much older than he was. He was employed by the jeweller, not because he was bright, but because he was strong and entirely honest. Once Sid had decided that the boy would be able to give him the information he wanted, he followed him until he found out where he took his midday meal. It was at a small Italian café where they served meat and two vegetables for ninepence. Sid went there for three days, and on the third day he sat down at the same table as the errand-boy. It was quite easy to get into conversation with him. And after a week it was equally easy to question him about his work without raising his suspicions. The errand-boy never mentioned the name of the firm he worked for, so he had no compunctions about talking. Soon, Sid learned that the emerald necklace was the pride of the firm. It wasn't the sort of jewel they usually handled. It had come into the hands of the jeweller because he had once been in India in the employ of the Prince who owned it. When, for reasons that don't matter to this story, the jewel came into the market, the Prince had let the jeweller be his representative for its sale. Negotiations for the sael were nearing completion, and one day Sid learned that the buyer was coming for a final look at the necklace the next

(*Concluded on page 226*)

"The boy told Sid how it was worth fifty thousand pounds"

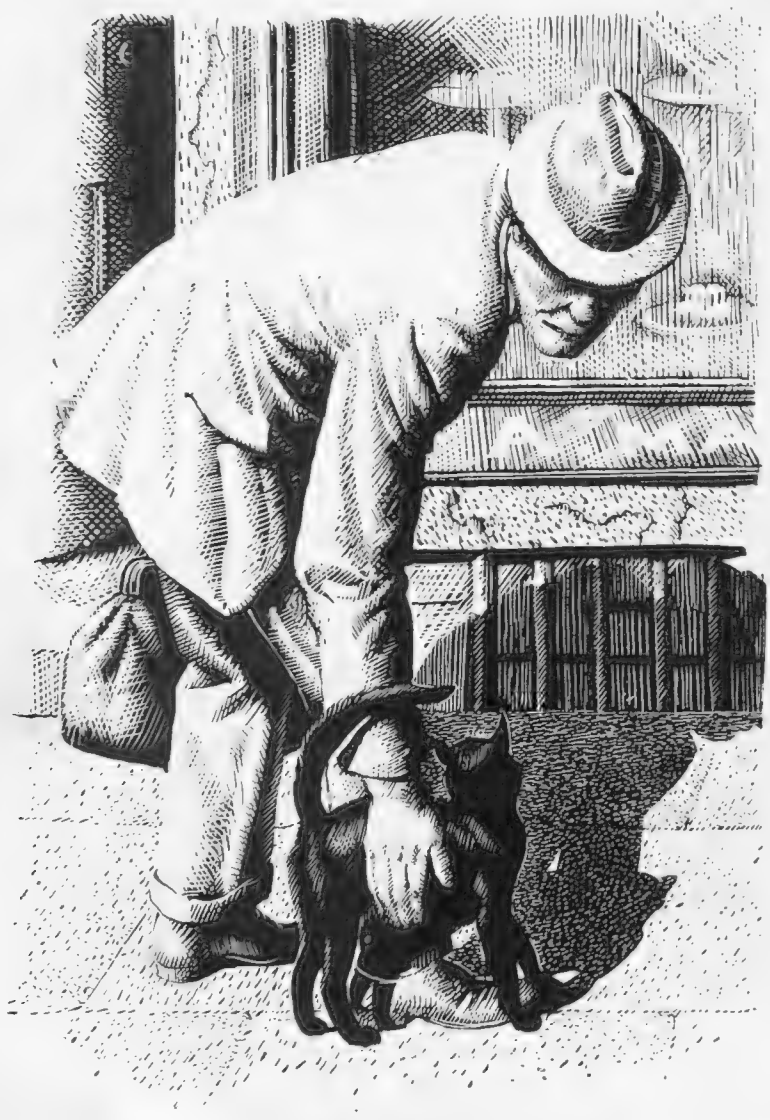
The Plans of Mice

(Continued from page 225)

morning. He knew that the moment had come for him to put his plan into operation.

It was the simplicity of the idea which appealed to Sid. There was, he had learned, no approach to the room by window, and a fire-proof steel door made the office as secure as if it had been a safe. The walls were reinforced concrete. It was surprising the amount of information the innocent errand-boy had given away during the two weeks Sid knew him. All-in wrestling was the bond between them; it was the errand-boy's passion, and he understood it to be shared by Sid. They went several times to Lane's, and the boy knew Sid as Tom. Sid's plan was this: he would go into the building and walk up to the top floor by the stairs, wearing a trilby hat and carrying the kind of bag that a telephone employee has. He would tap on the door of the office — it was room number thirty three—and, when he got inside, would say that he had been sent to look at the telephone. Then, if all went as planned, he would knock out the jeweller and take the necklace. He knew that it was kept in a drawer of the jeweller's desk. Once his secretary had taken his letters and gone downstairs to type them in the office at the back of the shop, the man was generally alone, unless a visitor called to see him. After he 'd got the necklace, Sid intended to go down again, but this time by the lift, which was passenger operated. He hoped he wouldn't hurt the jeweller badly; just stun him, that' s all he wanted to do. He wasn't one for unnecessary violence. Before leaving the room, he would put on a pair of spectacles and a scarf round his neck, and change the trilby hat for a bowler. He knew the efficacy of a simple disguise like that. Surprising how much people went by clothes in a matter of identification. But there wouldn't be any parade for him this time, and afterwards . . . well, Sid knew the answer to that. This would be the last time he 'd have to do a job of this kind.

THE next morning, Sid started off for Oxford Street. He felt calm and confident. On his way a black kitten darted out of a shop door and rubbed itself against his leg. Sid bent down to stroke it; he felt even better after that. A good omen, there wasn't a doubt of it. The sun was shining and Sid walked along slowly. He didn't want to reach the place too early. The secretary should be down by ten-fifteen, but he 'd give her an extra quarter of an hour, just to make sure. The buyer for the necklace was due at eleven. That gave him half an hour, and it wouldn't really take more than five minutes.



"A good omen, there wasn't a doubt of it"

When at last he walked through the door and began his climb up the stairs, his heart was thudding inside his chest. He thought it must be due to the steepness of the stairs, and made up his mind to smoke less in future. He hoped he wouldn't meet anyone. Somewhere above, a door slammed and he heard the rush of footsteps coming down to the accompaniment of shrill whistling. Sid put down the case he was carrying and bent to untie and tie a shoe-lace. He needn't have bothered—the youngster who was hurtling down the stairs, never noticed him. Sid went on, with the feeling that his forehead had broken into a sweat.

He got to room thirty-three and knocked on the door. A man's voice called to him to come in. Sid did so. The jeweller was sitting at his desk; he slipped something that sparkled like green fire into a wash-leather bag as Sid appeared.

"Well?" he said.

"I 've come from the London Telephone Service, Sir. The engineers reported a defect in your dial, Sir."

"Is there? Well, take a look." Sid advanced towards the desk and put his case on the floor. Then he stooped to open it. While he fumbled about inside it, he watched the old man seated close to him. He could see that his victim had no suspicion of anything wrong. Then the jeweller turned to pick a letter from a wire tray. Sid straightened up, and in his right hand was a sock filled with sand. The old man kept his head turned away, as if he wanted to be cracked over the top of it. And he was. He slumped down over the desk without a sound.

Sid picked up the wash-leather bag, looked inside to make sure he' d got what he 'd come for, then slipped it into his case with the sock. He added his trilby hat, which he 'd rolled up. He put on a pair of spectacles, a bowler, wrapped a scarf round his neck and over his chin and was ready to leave. He noticed several uncut stones lying on cotton-wool on the desk, but he wasn't worrying about them. Before he went out of the room, he put his hand inside the jeweller's waistcoat and grinned when he felt the heart beat.

Sid went into the passage and pressed the button of the lift. It came up to the floor beneath him and then stopped. Sid heard someone get out and close the gates. He pressed the button again and it reached his floor. He got in and shut the gates. Then he pushed the button marked "Ground Floor" and the lift began to go smoothly down. Suddenly, it stopped. just between the first and second floors. Sid felt his heart give a horrid jolt. He pressed the button again, but nothing happened. He lost his head then, and pressed every button he could find, but the lift did not move. It had stopped so that Sid's head was just above floor level, but the space, even if he 'd been able to open the gates, would not have been wide enough for him to get through.

Someone went by, and he did not know whether to shout or just wait in the hopes of the lift going up or down again soon. He decided to do nothing. He was trapped there for one hour, during which time he heard the commotion that went on when the jeweller was discovered. What went on in his own mind at that time was not nice. Once he saw a face peering at him through the space, and he knew that he was caught.

Suddenly the lift started to work; it went down to the ground floor. Sid was being waited for by then. He promised to go quietly, after one of the policemen had relieved him of his case, and after the errand-boy had stared at him and said:

"Yus, that 's him; only without them spectacles."

THE END

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

There is nothing more becoming than a draped evening dress, like the one on the right in gold lamé shot with blue. It comes from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, and is one of their advance autumn models. The skirt is moulded to the figure, and breaks into graceful folds down the front, while soft draping is introduced over the bust and round the waist. A magnificent white fox cape makes the ideal background for the lovely sheen of this fabric.

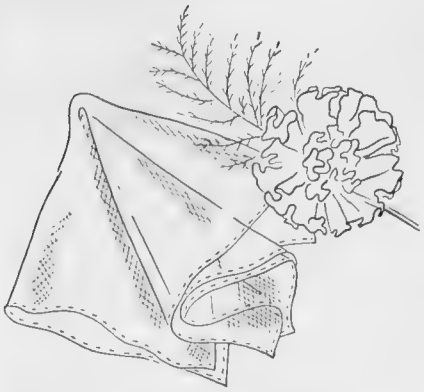
Another dress which fits like a sheath is made in heavy black satin worked in diagonal stripes, showing alternately the dull and shiny side of the material. This gives a sunray effect which is very becoming. Frothy black lace is used for several dance frocks with full spreading skirts. In one of these the fullness springs from below the knees, where the skirt is stiffened with insertions of double net. The neckline is rounded, and there is a lace fichu to protect the shoulders

Beauty Bubbles

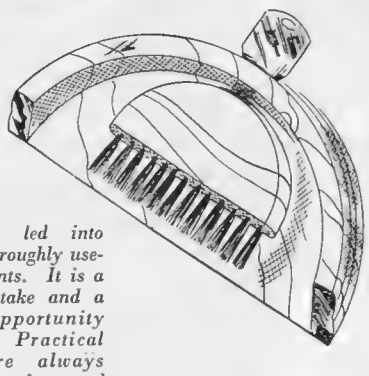
Perfume, more than most things, helps to give a woman poise and confidence, particularly if it is used with discretion, and varied from time to time. Unfortunately, the mistake that many people make is to use the same scent year in, year out, forgetting altogether that "variety is the very spice of life." The hot days of an English summer, heavy with the scent of many flowers, demand a floral perfume, and Floris, 89 Jermyn Street, answers this call with the delicate scent of English Bluebells. This, his latest creation, is obtainable in the three different sized bottles pictured below. It is a light, refreshing perfume, which lingers in the imagination, and recalls the first days of Spring, when all the woods are carpetted in bluebells

Make-up has become such an art that there is no longer any excuse for appearing like a rather crude oil-painting with deep smudges round the eyes, and rouge which might have been laid on with a trowel. Tangee are to be congratulated on their special rouge and lipstick which change colour and blend with the natural skin tones. They avoid all that "painted" appearance, and give just that extra touch of colouring which makes all the difference. For evening, when every woman likes to appear vivid and arresting, Tangee have created a Theatrical make-up which shows up very well under artificial lighting. It costs the same as the natural and is very lasting. The girl in the top bubble is an excellent advertisement for Tangee preparations, which are sold practically everywhere. She uses both Day and Night cream for protecting her skin, also Tangee's Doriot Lemon Cleansing Cream. This removes any dust or dirt from the pores and bleaches at the same time. It costs 3s. 6d. while the Day and Night creams are 4s. 6d. each

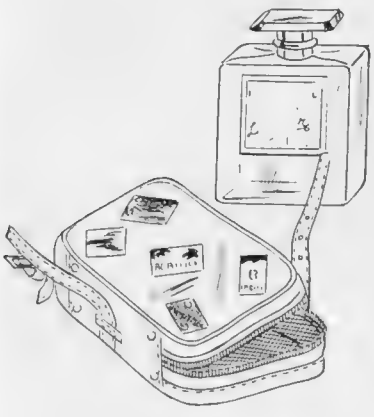
Scott Bushe



Wear a red carnation, or a blue one if you prefer it, and wave a chiffon handkerchief in the same exotic colour. Lederer, 45, Brompton Road, are selling attractive carnation buttonholes with handkerchiefs to match, all for five shillings. They make charming presents and add a distinct cachet to any dress



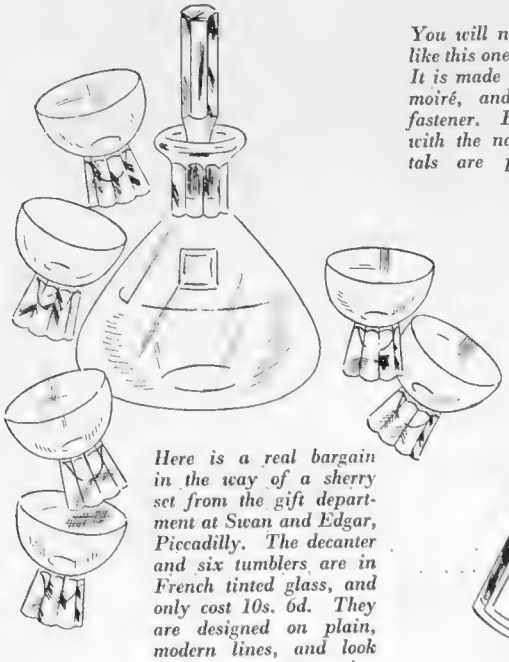
Never be led into giving thoroughly useless presents. It is a great mistake and a good opportunity wasted. Practical gifts are always appreciated, and Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, suggest this walnut crumb-tray. It only costs 7s. 6d., and is accompanied by a neat brush



Travel light and be sure to see that your perfume is securely packed in a pigskin case like the one sketched. This is designed by Lederer, and contains a bottle of their Bon Voyage perfume, which is crisp and very refreshing. The case, lined with velvet, is strewn with coloured labels and costs 25s. 6d., complete with perfume

If you wish to flatter your dog-loving friends, you will send them a cigarette-case with a hand-painted picture of their own special pet. A bull-terrier's head decorates the case above from Philip Morris, 22, New Bond Street. It is made of Russian birchwood and costs 17s. 6d. The flat leather match-case which goes with it costs 6s. 6d.

You will need a travelling handbag like this one from Lederer for 37s. 6d. It is made in Texas calf, lined with moiré, and fitted with a sliding fastener. Brightly coloured labels with the names of European capitals are pasted on the outside



Here is a real bargain in the way of a sherry set from the gift department at Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly. The decanter and six tumblers are in French tinted glass, and only cost 10s. 6d. They are designed on plain, modern lines, and look well in any setting

Preserve the french polish on your dining-room table by fitting a drip-catcher onto all your bottles. Swan and Edgar have them in sponge covered over with fruit and flowers. They cost 1s. 6d. and fit round the neck of a bottle, thereby preventing any drops from trickling down the sides. Ornamental corks are also available for the same price

It is always being said how difficult men are to please where presents are concerned, and to a certain extent this is true. Philip Morris, however, offer many suggestions, including this table lighter, made out of a boar's tusk. It is mounted in silver and costs three guineas

Golf Clubs at Home

Maylands Golf Course, Essex

The Maylands Public Golf Course is situated at Harold Park, half-way between Romford and Brentwood, fifteen miles from the heart of London. Yet the country from the golfing and from the scenic point of view leaves little to be desired. The eighteen holes total 6500 yards, and are up to date in the extreme, the course having been opened in 1936. There is a thriving Members' Club at Maylands

A View of the Clubhouse

(1) L. C. Hobday (captain). (2) Captain R. H. Moore. (3) C. W. Hagon. (4) G. F. Barber. (5) D. B. Newman and S. J. Hamp-Adams. (6) A. Newman (secretary) and A. W. Pankhurst. (7) H. G. Hexter. (8) A. Gowers (professional). (9) A. G. Howell, N. R. Winship, T. E. Alsop, E. P. Briginshaw.

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Remodelling of Deal

THE championship courses at Hoylake, Sandwich, Muirfield, and Prestwick have all been altered materially since the war in attempts to keep pace with a golf ball, which can be hit further and further every year.

Now the championship course of the Royal Cinque Ports G.C. at Deal is also to be altered, to make it a real test of the game for the modern first-class golfer, armed with the modern implements of the game, and using balls which can be driven to greens situated in the neighbourhood of four hundred yards from the tees.

The Open Championship was at one time this year to be played on the course of the Royal Cinque Ports G.C., but it had to be changed to the adjoining course of the Royal St. George's G.C., owing to the course at Deal being flooded by the sea last February at a time when an excessively high tide was experienced at the same time as a gale. If an ordinary amount of rain had fallen after the submersion no great damage would have been done, but unfortunately a long spell of very dry weather was actually experienced. Although some parts of the course and greens were bare and brown at the time of the Halford Hewitt Cup last April, the course played well. Since then, lack of rain has made it impossible to get the course into a sufficiently good playing condition for a golfing event of the importance of the Open Championship.

As soon as it was decided (and, of course, the members of the Committee of the Royal Cinque Ports G.C. were the first people to know) that the Open Championship of 1938 was to be played at Deal, the Committee immediately set about getting the course into the best possible condition for this event.

I feel sure that golfers all over the world must sympathise with the members of the Royal Cinque Ports G.C. on their misfortune and at the same time congratulate them on deciding the first possible moment that the course would not be in a fit condition for championship play, thus giving intending competitors ample time to change their arrangements concerning accommodation, etc.

THE members of the Royal Cinque Ports G.C. have now decided, very sensibly, that, although the flooding of the course is not likely to be experienced very often, it is very much better to have the putting greens situated on sites which are not likely to be flooded when next the sea sweeps over the course. It is certainly a misguided policy to expend time and money on reparations to existing putting greens if the same amount of damage is sure to be done to them when next excessively high tides coincide with excessively high winds.

After consulting Captain C. H. Alison, Major Sir Guy Campbell, Bt., Major C. K. Hutchison, and the BYSTANDER golf correspondent, the members decided definitely to carry out the following important constructional alterations to the course. Five new putting greens are to be constructed—namely, at holes numbers one, five, eleven, fourteen and fifteen, and the putting surface of the third green is to be raised above flood level. All the new greens will be situated on sites, which are not likely to be affected by even greater inundations than there were this year.

THE new first green will be on the sites of the tees of the present second hole. The new fifth green will be on the sites of the forward tees to the present sixth hole. The new eleventh green will be in the vicinity of the twelfth tee, and thus the long walk back to the twelfth tee will be avoided as well as a better hole produced. The new fourteenth green will be on the high ground beyond the present fourteenth green, and the new fifteenth green will be constructed about ninety yards beyond the present fifteenth green, thus the fifteenth will be lengthened to a so-called three-shot hole and the sixteenth shortened to a definite two-shot hole. A certain amount of changes to tees and bunkers will also be carried out and many bunkers will receive attention and be made to blend more naturally with the surrounding landscape.

The areas of the course which have been damaged by sea water do not affect play to any great extent. Anyone intending to visit Deal to play golf should not be put off by any exaggerated accounts of the damage which has been done. All the usual Club competitions and open meetings are being, and will be, held there as before. As I write I read that Lionel Munn has just won yet another competition at Deal—namely, the Lord Reading Cup, which is played for at the Open Holiday Meeting held at August Bank Holiday time.

You will also notice that the alterations to the course, with the exception of the raising of the third green, will not inconvenience play to the slightest degree.

The future may show that the wind which was to a large extent responsible for the flooding of the course last February was not altogether an ill-wind.

The Indian Army Cup

Major C. C. Furney beat Major D. Ross two and one in the final at Gulmarg, Kashmir

Winner of the Lord Reading Cup

Lionel Munn, the Irish international player, won the holiday open meeting at Deal for the Lord Reading Cup. Playing from plus 2, Munn beat A. Sherriff (9) three up and two to play round the Royal Cinque Ports course. Our golf correspondent deals with alterations to this course on this page

The Men's Amateur Championship at Gulmarg

Major Sheehan beat Mr. F. W. V. Ellvers at the thirty-sixth green

The Duncan Vase Final at Gulmarg

Major Pert beat Mr. W. V. Bradshar five and four

Canterbury cricket week: a scene during the opening match, when Kent beat Hampshire

Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

Of all the odd sporting stories which drift over the tape machines, even in the dead month of August, the oddest for some time comes from Germany.

Herr Felix Menzel, one of Hitler's sport leaders, is apparently as keen on cricket as Sir Pelham Warner. In his own words, "Cricket is so soothing and peaceful."

Possibly Herr Menzel's experience is not very extensive. He has perhaps not watched many soothing and peaceful Test matches, but he is anxious to promote European goodwill by arranging an international cricket tournament on the Continent.

It would, he thinks, be an excellent thing if M.C.C. organised the tournament and provided a cup. England, Holland, Germany, Belgium and Denmark would enter teams, and a good time would be had by all.

I doubt whether Herr Menzel will meet with much encouragement at Lord's, but his scheme is interesting. For one thing, it suggests that our European friends are growing a little weary of the tension which makes the modern international sporting event so painfully humourless and grim. Herr Menzel argues that the atmosphere in which football and similar games are contested is "too strenuous and passionate," and he is dead right. "Passionate" is the word, and if cricket could restore a sense of proportion, I should be enthusiastic about his scheme.

The trouble is that any game, cricket included, loses most of its charm when it becomes representative.

I cannot imagine that a match between Germany and Belgium, let us say, for a European cricket challenge cup would be either peaceful or soothing.

If Germany takes up cricket in earnest it will doubtless produce some fine players. They will make an intensive study of the theory of the game. Their bowlers will toil for months on end to cultivate length and spin and swerve. Their batsmen will work upon the strictest principles of stroke play. There is no reason, indeed, why we should not welcome them into the fraternity of cricket-playing nations, but let us have no talk of a cricket equivalent of the Davis Cup.

Cricket, incidentally, has become the national game in Holland, where all the schools play enthusiastically. Dutchmen are keener than Australians, and they have been following the Test match broadcasts from this country with the closest attention.

***Polo at Cowdray Park,** the perfect sequel to Goodwood, resulted in a win for the Jaguars in the Challenge Cup tournament, when they beat the home team by six goals to five in an exciting match. The winning team were Mr. E. R. Nutting, Captain Humfrey Guinness, the Hon. Keith Rous and Captain P. W. Dollar. The Duchess of Gloucester presented the trophy and replicas, assisted by Beryl Lady Cowdray*

From our strictures on international sporting rivalry we should perhaps except athletics, which by their nature are designed for just such spectacles as that which drew 60,000 people to the White City on Bank Holiday.

We need not worry unduly about the future of the Olympic Games when we can hold such successful meetings, with so many of the world's best athletes competing. S. C. Wooderson's brilliant half-mile and A. G. K. Brown's quarter were the particular high-spots, and now comes the news that Wooderson has accepted an invitation to run in America next October.

I hope he will be able to give himself plenty of time for acclimatisation in the States. He is to run a mile at Princeton Bowl, and among his rivals will be the powerful Glen Cunningham, who was beaten so handsomely by Jack Lovelock in Berlin.

Cunningham is a different proposition on his home ground, but little Wooderson, with that astonishing finish of his, should uphold his reputation as the best of them all. He is going to have a crack at the world's record for the half-mile at Motspur Park on Saturday week, by the way.

It is sad to hear that Jesse Owens, most remarkable of negro athletes, has fallen on evil days. He is now a playground instructor at Cleveland, Ohio, with a salary of £4 10s. a week, and although that will keep the wolf from the door, it is a depressing position for a man whose name made headlines the world over two years ago.

When Owens was breaking records at the Berlin Games with wonderful grace and power, and bowing at the immense crowd and flashing those white teeth of his in friendly grins of triumph, it seemed that he must be

***Schoolgirls** held their lawn tennis tournament at Queen's Club, when Miss N. Zinovieff (Redmoor) beat Miss P. Gannon (private), last year's winner, in the under-16 event. It was largely powerful forehand drives like this that gave Miss Zinovieff her win*

***Champions** of the Services who met each other at Wimbledon in the matches for the Services' Championship, which the Army just won back from the R.N. and R.M., were Pilot-Officer E. Holden, Lieut. T. B. Henderson Brooks, 5th Mahrattas, and Lieut. W. D. Muspratt, R.N. Muspratt and Brooks beat Holden, Muspratt beat Brooks*

***Soldiers** from all over the world, as well as civilians, came to try their own and their mounts' skill at the Dublin Horse Show. One winner was Oberleutnant Huck (Germany) on Olaf in the military jumping competition*

made for life. It is a little pathetic to think that so soon America has reduced him to nothing more than a name in the record books.

IN the meanwhile, the footballers are getting down to business. This sweltering August weather has not stopped their rigorous training, and all over the country hearty young men are sweating off their summer fat. That is not the only kind of business, nor the only kind of fat. The fat price paid for the transfer of Bryn Jones from Wolverhampton Wanderers to Arsenal breaks all fantastic records in professional soccer.

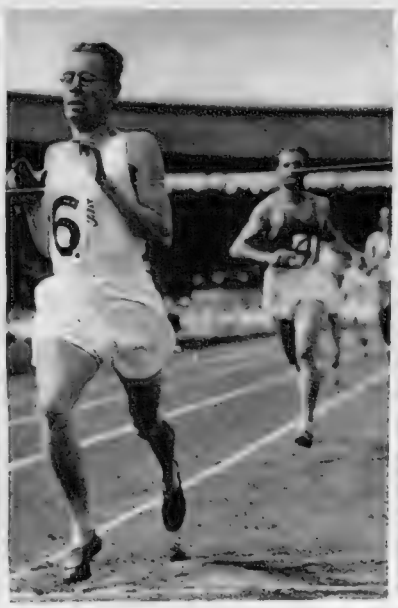
There 's no doubt that the Arsenal sorely need an inside forward of the Bryn Jones type, but Mr. George Allison is hoping that Drake will be in his very best form again this winter.

And what is going to be the outcome of the struggle for young Compton, invited by M.C.C. to go to South Africa, though he is under contract to the Arsenal? I fancy his football contract will hold good, much though he would enjoy the South African trip, and from a cricket point of view the experience would be invaluable to him. It is a little early yet, though, for him to put all his eggs in one basket, and at present, with cricket and football combined, he must be earning close on £1000 a year, which is pretty handsome for a youngster.

BY the time these notes appear, Bobbie Locke and Alfred Padgham may have fixed their golf challenge match for £200, and Padgham is just the type of player who would cheerfully endure Locke's snail-like methods. If, that is to say, Locke persists with the immense deliberations which turned the four-ball affair at Walton Heath into such a drearily protracted torture. Locke apparently resents the criticism which his pauses and ponderings evoked, but there are limits, even when a game has become a stern business.

The fact remains that Locke, for all his care, and perhaps because of it, played wonderful golf, and beyond a doubt he is destined to be one of the most outstanding players the game has ever known. Now that he is a public entertainer, however, he will have to consider the patient spectator a little.

***Godfrey Brown,** who set up a new British record for the quarter-mile at the White City on Bank Holiday, has announced his engagement to Miss Mary Armstrong, of Worcester. She saw him win his race in 47·6 secs.*



***S. C. Wooderson** was another record-breaker at the international meeting at White City; he won the half-mile from Lanzi, of Italy, in 1 min. 50·9 secs., seven-tenths of a second faster than Peltzer's British record*

***P. Walker,** of the U.S.A., won the 220 yards from the Dutch sprinter, M. B. Osendarp, and English Alan Pennington; his time was 21·7 seconds, equalling the ground record (Jesse Owens' world record is 20·3); he also won the 100 yards in 9·9 secs. Seventeen nations were represented at the A.A.A.'s meeting, which was watched by a vast crowd*

Aircraft—Great and Small

By Charles Ward

Higher and Faster

NEW air liners for the European and Empire routes have been ordered by the Air Ministry, and there is some prospect that two, if not three different types, will be on service next year. The first is the de Havilland monoplane, of which brief details are known, as its construction is well advanced. It will carry up to twenty passengers on 600-mile stages, sufficient to link Berlin with London. Its speed at cruising revs. will be 200 miles an hour. The second project is for an all-metal, four-engined landplane of 70,000 lb. all-up weight, the same size as the new flying-boats now being built by Short Brothers for ocean crossings in 1940. Two distinct types of this landplane are visualised—the first to operate at a normal height of not more than 10,000 ft. and the second with a pressure cabin. The latter will not fly in the stratosphere, but at or around 25,000 ft., an altitude where oxygen is needed with the present class of aircraft. Speed is to be 275 miles an hour. It seems probable that 70,000 lb. will be the upper limit for landplanes for some time to come. Aerodrome surfaces will not carry a greater load unless special runways are constructed, and these cannot be expected to materialise, except at main terminal airports.

A "Minor" Moth

DE HAVILLANDS have succeeded in breeding a new "Moth," unknown to collectors of lepidoptera. It is a monoplane with two seats in tandem and powered by a Gipsy junior of 90 h.p. Deliveries are scheduled for early '39, and the first order has been accepted from the R.A.F. Flying Club, which operates from Hatfield. Modern features include folding wings, a wide-range tail-trimming gear so that it can be flown solo from either cockpit without ballast, and a normal aerobatic certificate. The "Minor" will also be made as a cabin tourer, with a hinged coupé superstructure. Several of the type have been flown almost daily for a year, and Captain de Havilland has made it his hobby to see the "Minor" through its teething troubles. The Under-Secretary of State, Captain Balfour, flew the "Minor" a few days ago and was most impressed by its suitability for the Air Guard scheme.

A Three-Pointer

TIME was when a three-point landing—two wheels and the tail-skid together at the lowest possible speed—distinguished the good pilot from one who bounced or pancaked or made a "wheeler." A new definition of a three-pointer is coming into fashion with the technique required to land on a tricycle. The three wheels are forward, the tail remaining permanently in the air and the 'plane being in flying position whilst taxi-ing. Reduced risk of accident on landing is claimed for the tricycle, which has been developed in this country by General Aircraft of Hanworth. First production type to be so fitted will be the "Cygnet," an all-metal cabin low-wing monoplane with seats side by side. Top speed is 150 with a Gipsy Major and 165 with the Cirrus Major giving 20 additional horse-power. The second type in production is a light trainer to cost less than £500, specially suited to the cheaper grade in the Air Guard scheme. General Aircraft has taken over the adjacent factory and business of the British Aircraft Manufacturing Co., together with the key men, and greatly increased productive capacity will result. At the other end of the scale, the tricycle undercarriage has been tried successfully on the latest "Douglas," and it seems probable that it will become a universal feature, making for greater safety under all circumstances.

By Olley-Rail

AN important merger of interests between Railway Air Services and the Olley group has taken place. Internal routes will be rationalised, competition eliminated, and Imperial Airways will be freed in due course from the responsibility of staffing and servicing an organisation over which it had little real control.

Mr. A. Davies, of the Derby and Lancs. Gliding Club, winning the trophy presented by the House of Seager for the greatest number of laps in a closed circuit. Gliding is to be included in the Civil Air Guard scheme

The University Air Squadrons have been in camp for their annual training. Our picture shows members from Oxford studying the map before setting out on a cross-country flight. The 'plane is an Avro

"Accent on Youth" — Peter Bull's Perranporth Summer Theatre Company on the Sands Near the Little Cornish Village

The Perranporth Summer Theatre

Pamela Brown and Robert Morley in a scene from "Accent on Youth"

Roger Furse, with assistant Charles Stewart, makes his own scenery

Peter Bull's Perranporth Summer Theatre is now in its third successful season. The Theatre itself is the local Women's Institute, a building not designed for the performance of sophisticated plays, such as the American *Accent on Youth*, or Coward's *Private Lives*; but nevertheless accommodating packed, enthusiastic audiences every night. Robert Morley, recently returned from Hollywood, where he played opposite Norma Shearer in *Marie Antoinette*, is a member of the company, and Roger Furse designs and produces all the scenery for the shows

The company: Peter Bull, Robert Morley, Pamela Brown, Judith Furse, Margaret Fraser, Holland Bennett and Christine Lindsay

London Managers Please Copy

New Ships for Old: The Wreck and the Launch

The Herzögin Cecilie in Hope Cove

Both the boats on these pages are incomplete. The Mauretania (II) has most of her upper structure yet to come; the Herzögin Cecilie has been stripped of her sails and her gear. The giant new Cunarder took the water from Cammell Laird's Birkenhead yard after an impressive ceremony: Lady Bates, wife of the Chairman of the Cunard White Star Limited, unveiled the heavy brass letters of the ship's name, vigorously smashed a bottle of champagne on her bows, pressed a button to release the hull on the slipway and the 18,000 tons of steel drifted smoothly to the other side of the river, where the skeleton crew had to drop anchor. Twenty thousand human voices vied unsuccessfully with the sirens and whistles of nearby craft in applauding the fine new ship that will put back a fine old name on to Lloyd's register of shipping. Meanwhile, in South Devon, a few Bank Holiday trippers at Starehole Sands were gaping at the proud windjammer stranded there. The Herzögin Cecilie was a four-masted, steel-hulled barque built in Germany, registered in Finland, and sailed on the grain routes between Australia and Europe. Many times she won the annual spring race home. In 1936 she did so for the last time, for a few days after making port she went on the rocks and was so damaged that she was towed to Starehole and abandoned

The Mauretania in the Mersey

Non-Controversial

By Eleanor E. Helme

We all know what happens to wasted opportunities, and I suppose that August is the month when the chance should be taken to discuss serious topics which have been inadequately dealt with in the heat of battle. But what about the heat of summer? Does anybody want, at this glorious moment, to rack their brains, or, failing that commodity, scratch their heads, over problems such as the revision of the scratch scores, the reorganisation of the L.G.U. executive, the definition of an amateur, or even a possible successor to Lady Denman as President of the L.G.U., if—and when—she carries out her threat to resign office and come into the arena. Very important topics, all of these, almost tempting the use of that poor, ill-treated word "vital."

But would it not be much pleasanter to sit under a tree, or in a boat, even if you cannot lie on the sands, and think of how clever other people are at doing strenuous things? Glance, for instance, at the spoon results this month, which appear on another page. Leaving aside the truly amazing returns under handicap which head both divisions—9 below from Miss M. Elliott of Worksop in the Silver, and 16 below from Mrs. Harries of Royal Blackheath in the Bronze—the scratch scores this month are exceptionally good. There is a 4 below gross from Miss Vera Jennings at Cooden Beach, winning a scratch spoon, as she carries a penalty of plus 2; Mrs. Iorns was 3 below gross at Chigwell; Miss Pam Shand 1 below at Derbyshire. It shows, of course, how the extra length that comes with summer conditions helps, and seems to prove my oft-repeated argument that plus handicaps ought to be gained by championship performances, and not merely by . . . But this is controversial, problem probing, and therefore not for this weather. Let us take off our hats to these gallant scorers, which at least will cool our heads with a little air, and leave it at that.

While we are looking at the spoon result page of this number, it might be as well to remind the hundreds who want to play in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton, that the entrance form is to be found on page iv, and that entries close September 16th. The date sounds a long way off, but the weeks soon fly by when you are on a holiday, and I am contemplating becoming a real fire-breathing dragon in the matter of late entries. Whether Miss Beryl Harvey and Mrs. Dinerman, who will have charge of things for me at Roehampton, will be dragons too, is not for me to say, and, of course, the printed conditions about change of partner up to the time play starts still holds good. But closing date of entries really must do the same. So please note, everybody.

Entries for the Girls' Championship seem to suggest that we are going to have a wonderfully interesting week at Stoke Poges, with a properly international flavour. There is a new compatriot of the holder, Lally Vagliano, for Jacqueline Carpentier has entered. She is only seventeen, but has a French handicap of 6—just about equivalent to the same figure under L.G.U. rules—so is evidently bidding fair to be as good with the clubs as her father was with his hands.

Then Australia is sending a welcome entrant: Joan Devine, from Royal Melbourne, the first player we have had from "down-under" since Katherine Rymill and Alison Milne came over in 1930, and had the amazing ill-luck to draw each other.

There is time still for a record entry, and it looks as if quantity as well as quality will be high this year.

Presumably we shall see a good many of the "girls" the week before at Pulborough, when the West Sussex Club have their third annual Fathers and Daughters open knock-out foursomes under handicap. The Vaglianos hold it, and what with Ruttles, Stroyans and Stephens, to mention only a few at random, there is always a delightful Stoke-preliminary atmosphere about, mingling with West Sussex's own particular brand of charming welcome and enjoyment.

Mothers and Sons are to have their turn at Calcot the following week, the dates the same as the Girls' Championship; namely, September 7th, 8th and 9th, so that, unluckily, I am once again thwarted of seeing this popular course near Reading. And if a mother has a son with whom she wants to play at Calcot, as well as a daughter she wants to watch at Stoke Poges, which will come first? Here is a pretty problem. Since playing is always to be preferred to watching, and most daughters play very much better without the too-fond eyes of parents upon them, I have a notion that the wiser mothers will be found at Calcot by day, though perhaps they and sons will be invited by daughters to Stoke Court on the evening of Monday, September 5th, for the usual competitors' dance there.

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

Following my announcement last week that the first tests with the new Grand Prix E.R.A. had been successfully carried out at Donington, the time is perhaps opportune to review briefly the history of English Racing Automobiles, since the inception of the Company in 1933. In that year, Humphrey Cook and Raymond Mays decided to modify and race a 1½-litre Riley, and the manner in which the engine responded made Cook, who for a number of years had been keen to see Britain with a real racing car, realise that at last they had a suitable power unit. In November of the same year, the Company was formed, and operations began on the new cars in the workshop behind May's mills at Bourne.

Peter Berthon and the late Murray Jamieson set to work on the engine, and considerably modified it, while a special chassis was designed by Reid A. Railton. Surprisingly few teething troubles were encountered, and by the end of 1934, the success of the marque was established, Mays winning the Nuffield Trophy, and Cook finishing in fifth place; whereupon Mays went on to beat Whitney Straight for "fastest time of the day" at Shelsley Walsh the following week-end. During the winter, a number of new cars were built, and the following season, in addition to the works team, comprising Mays and Cook, Richard Seaman and the late Pat Fairfield raced E.R.A. cars as "independents."

It was in 1935 also that an addition to the ranks of the "independent" E.R.A. drivers was a certain Mr. "B. Bira," of whom a great deal was to be heard later, although at that time he was comparatively a novice.

Until 1937, when the works decided not to produce any more cars, but to concentrate on the preparation and running of their own, a number of other well-known drivers joined the ranks of E.R.A. "independents," and the marque established its dominating supremacy in the 1500 c.c. class by winning, at one time or another, practically every important "voiturette" race both in this country and on the Continent, and even in far-off South Africa, acquitting itself nobly in a series of races held there at the beginning of 1937 and again this year.

When, in the autumn of last year, it was announced that the Company intended to produce a Grand Prix car to comply with the new formula, details of which had just been announced, general delight was expressed by motor-racing patriots, particularly as the triumphal visit of the Auto-Union and Mercedes teams for the Donington Grand Prix last October had opened the eyes of a large section of the public to what this type of racing really was like. It is a matter of considerable satisfaction that now, after a lapse of so many years, Britain is once again to compete in Grand Prix racing, and it is fitting that due acknowledgment be made to Humphrey Cook, whose generous financial support has made this possible. It is understood that the first public appearance of the Grand Prix E.R.A. will be at Brooklands on August 27th, in the Junior Car Club's 200-mile race.

It will be remembered that Murray Jamieson, the brilliant young designer of E.R.A.s, was one of the victims of the crash in which Paul's Delage was involved at the start of the International Trophy Race at Brooklands last May. I was approached in the paddock at Brooklands on August Bank Holiday by a number of drivers who are anxious to stage a benefit meeting for Jamieson's widow. I understand that most of the foremost Brooklands drivers are willing to give their services in this cause, and I hope the Brooklands authorities may be counted upon for their support, for the object is indeed a worthy one. Nobody has done more to assist Humphrey Cook and Raymond Mays to score their striking successes for British prestige than Murray Jamieson, and anything we can do by way of reciprocation should be more than a mere duty to us.

Earl Howe told me at Brooklands recently that he had received a delightful letter from Seaman in answer to a congratulatory one to him on his success in the German Grand Prix. Seaman's letter is typical of him. There is not a word about himself in it, but it is full of sympathy for "poor Brauchitsch," who was dogged by misfortune in the race. Earl Howe went on to say that the letter ended with: "What a pity it couldn't have been a British car!"; and he added that Seaman, like the late Tim Birkin, is possessed by a desire to see a British car carrying off the honours in Continental Grand Prix racing, and that he believes that Seaman would gladly give his services as No. 1 driver, irrespective of whatever tempting offers from foreign sources, if a really good British "G.P." car made its appearance—so perhaps we may yet see Seaman back at the wheel of an E.R.A.

A cable just received from George Eyston tells me that he has again had bad luck with the weather at the Bonneville Salt Flats. When he arrived, the salt was in marvellous condition, but by the time "Thunderbolt" had been adequately prepared for its run, rain had fallen, and the track was under water, and no attempt will be possible before the middle of the month.

Meanwhile, John Cobb has arrived, and will be an enthralled spectator at Eyston's attempt. The position with regard to the course and the timekeepers is that Eyston has booked them up to the end of August, after which they become Cobb's "property" and, for reasons which may be apparent to some of my readers, a specified hiatus must elapse between one man breaking the record and a rival attacking the new speed . . . . So it all looks like being a bit of a scramble.

This England . . .

Chittlehampton, Devon.

SPEED and the means to speed are bringing more solitude than heretofore. As inventions multiply so do men work less and less in company and more alone, each concentrating upon his machine in factory and farm, or upon his office task. For now that we have more speed we have less time—and so must concentrate in mental solitude. And since too much of anything is not to our good, it is become the custom to take a breather in this race against the clock, and refresh mind and body with our fellow-men. One such refresher is beyond all praise—a long, cool Worthington, as fortifying to-day as when it was brewed for those whose speed lay in their muscles or the grey mare's pace.

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The "Bystander"

GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (20th Year)

HOLDER: LALLY VAGLIANO

Scratch Match-Play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges,

September 7th, 8th and 9th. No Qualifying Round.

September 5th—International Match, Scotland v. England.

September 6th—Girls' Golfing Society's Meeting (Medal Play).

The *Girls' Open Championship* is open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 9th, 1938.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Tuesday, August 23rd, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below.

The winner, runner-up and two semi-finalists in 1937 and the four next lowest handicaps will be "seeded."

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch match-play knock-out tournament at Stoke Poges, September 7th, 8th and 9th. Halved matches will be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

The proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 8th by players beaten in the first, second, and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors not playing in the match Scotland v. England may practise free of charge on Monday, September 5th; all mothers or chaperons may do so at a reduced green-fee of 3s. 6d.

SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND

HOLDERS: SCOTLAND

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5TH, AT 2 O'CLOCK.

An eighteen-hole match will be played at Stoke Poges between teams chosen from competitors in the Girls' Championship, 1938, representing Scotland and England. Qualifications: either parent, birth, or last two years' residence.

Challenge Cup, presented by Captain J. R. A. Stroyan, to be held for a year by the captain of the winning team, a silver medal to each member of that team, and bronze medals to the losing team. Competitors to state on their entry forms which country they are qualified to represent, and whether they would like to play if chosen.

WHERE TO STAY.

Special Terms are offered to competitors and their friends at the following addresses

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms: 16s. 6d. per day.

"COLLINSWOOD," FARNHAM COMMON. Terms: 13s. 6d. to £1 1s. per day.

Competitors should apply *early* to the Manager at either of these.

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Championship,

20th Year,

Stoke Poges, September 7th, 8th and 9th, 1938.

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Tuesday, August 23rd.

Please enter

Miss.....

Home Address.....

.....

Telephone No......

Date and year of birth..... *Club (if any)* .....

I am qualified for {*Scotland, *England, } *Handicap (if any)*.....

*and should like / *but should not like } to play if chosen.

* Cross out whichever does not apply

A REAL PEARL NECKLET FOR FOUR GUINEAS.

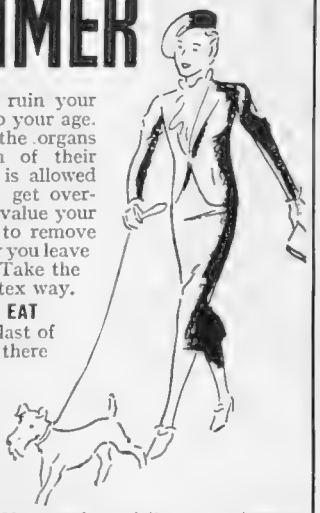
For a Limited Period we are offering a REAL PEARL NECKLET (Cultured) of fine quality and orient, length 18 inches, including a GENUINE DIAMOND CLASP, FOR 4 GUINEAS. We guarantee all Pearl Necklets sold by us to be comprised of Genuine Oriental Pearls (Cultured) and grown in the living Oyster. We are exclusive Pearl Specialists and hold a large stock of Important and specimen quality Necklets at investment prices.

Selection for approval on request.

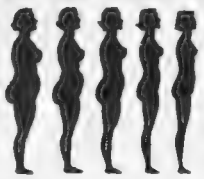
REAL (CULTURED) PEARL Co. LTD.
14, Dover Street, London, W.1
Regent 6623

10 years SLIMMER

40, 30 or 20 . . you cannot afford to let fat ruin your figure—and your chances. Fat adds years to your age. Not only spoils looks and figure, but ages the organs and tissues of the body by robbing them of their vitality. Any doctor will tell you that if fat is allowed to accumulate, the heart, liver and kidneys get overburdened and cannot work efficiently. If you value your health and appearance, you must take steps to remove ugly, ageing fat—NOW. Remember, the longer you leave it the more difficult it will be to get rid of. Take the safe, easy way to Youthful slimness—the Natex way.



SEE HOW EXCESS FAT GOES—WHILE YOU EAT



Between the first and last of the little black figures there is 42 lbs. difference in weight, 42 lbs. of unhealthy, crippling, figure-spoiling, ageing fat! These figures show the progress of your slimming when you take Natex regularly.

Natex is not a drug. It is a slimming *food*. You need not follow any rigorous diet with Natex. Eat your normal meals, because Natex acts by reinvigorating the thyroid gland with the organic mineral food it needs to help the absorption of fat. That is why Natex is the *sensible* and *natural* way to slim.

23 EDITRESSES RECOMMENDED NATEX

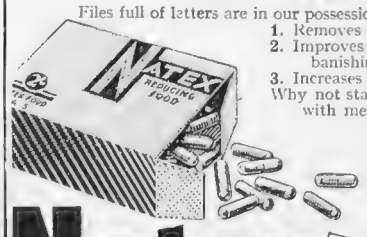
Natex is recommended by editresses of 23 leading Women's Journals. One reports that after a week's trial she lost 2½ lbs. and in a month 6 lbs.

THOUSANDS OF LETTERS

Files full of letters are in our possession from delighted users testifying that Natex:—

1. Removes fat at the safe rate of 2 to 4 lbs. a week.
2. Improves health and looks. Keeps complexion clear by banishing poisons.
3. Increases vitality as it reduces weight.

Why not start taking Natex right away? A capsule taken with meals is all you need to gain a younger, slimmer figure, improved looks, greater vitality. Don't envy slimness, achieve it with Natex. From Chemists and Health Food Stores, 2/-, 5/6, 9/6, and 17/6 packets.



FREE! The Truth about How to Slim and Stay Slim.
Tells exactly how and why Natex slims. From Modern Health Products Ltd., 269, Natex House, 38, Langham Street W.1

Natex TONIC SLIMMING FOOD

Indian Agents: Messrs. Issa Sons & Co., P.O. Box 830, Bombay.
South African Agents: Messrs. L. Fatti & Co., Ltd., Johannesburg.

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PARIS

or

BERLIN

You are invited to make use of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS reading rooms where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the dispatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

PARIS: 65-67 Avenue des Champs Elysées
BERLIN: 32 Kurfürstendamm

JUST ANNOUNCED:

STILL BETTER AUSTIN CARS
AT REDUCED PRICES

FOURTEEN HUNDRED DEALERS ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT IMPROVED FEATURES

News of great interest to motorists is just announced by Austin. First, substantial reductions. The famous Baby 'Seven' Saloon is now £122, the Big '7' £137. The '10' is down to £175, the '12' £215, the '14' £235.

Austin precision methods and large-scale production are responsible. By eliminating error at every stage, Austin can produce better cars in shorter time. Quality is maintained, dependability increased.

Also announced were special features on all popular models. Great interest was aroused by the improved engines, with aluminium heads, giving increased power and livelier acceleration, the new Luvax piston-type shock absorbers, and clutch and back-axle refinements.

Much admired were the new bodies of the '12' and '14.' Luggage accommodation has been increased, and the higher, wider doors, facilitating entry and exit, blend gracefully with the lengthened bonnet.

These reductions and improvements give even more point than ever to the saying "You buy a car, but you invest in an Austin."

LORD AUSTIN SAYS:

"After a year of rising prices it gives me great pleasure to announce reductions in Austin cars. These have been made without sacrifice in quality. Where it has been possible to make improvements, improvements have been made. Each of these contributes to one of the four important factors in motoring—performance, safety, comfort and appearance."

ONLY AUSTIN PRECISION METHODS AND LARGE-SCALE PRODUCTION MAKE THESE PRICES POSSIBLE

BABY '7' RUBY Fixed-Head Saloon .. *NOW* £122 *Sliding-Head now* £125	**'12'** ASCOT Fixed-Head Saloon .. .. *NOW* £215 *Sliding-Head now* £225
BIG '7' FORLITE Fixed-Head Saloon .. *NOW* £137 *Sliding-Head now* £139	**'14'** GOODWOOD Fixed-Head Saloon .. *NOW* £235 *Sliding-Head now* £245
'10' CAMBRIDGE Fixed-Head Saloon .. *NOW* £175 *Sliding-Head now* £185	**'18'** NORFOLK Fixed-Head Saloon .. .. £350 *Sliding-Head* £355

'28' RANELAGH Limousine ENTIRELY NEW MODEL ... £700

NOW IS THE TIME TO INVEST IN AN AUSTIN

The "Bystander" Ladies' Monthly Golf Spoons and Yearly Challenge Cup

Open to members of clubs affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union in Great Britain, Ireland and Overseas.

The BYSTANDER awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month, from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such a card does not win a spoon under handicap. Ties to be won by the card returned against the higher scratch score, a further tie by the player with the longer handicap. Winning names and scores will appear in the second issue of the paper each month.

Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. handicap purposes (*i.e.*, in Open or County Meetings, L.G.U. Competitions, or as Extra Day scores) during the month are eligible for the competition.

Each card, or true copy, must be signed by the player's partner, and also by the Club Hon. Sec., who must certify the Scratch Score of the course.

The Golf Coupon from any issue of the BYSTANDER during the current month must be attached to the first card sent in by each player during that month. Players may send in as many cards each month as the L.G.U. regulations allow them to take out, but no player can win more than one spoon during any one month, except that a player who wins in the Bronze Division can also subsequently win in the Silver.

Cards from players in Great Britain and Ireland must be sent to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so that they reach her not later than the first day of the month following the one in which they are taken out.

Cards from players in the Dominions and from other Overseas clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. must be posted within one week of being taken out, accompanied by the coupon of the month then current in the country of posting. Such cards will be entered for the competition of the month in which they are received. A spoon will be given each month to the best card under handicap from an Overseas player if such card does not win a spoon in the ordinary way.

Yearly Challenge Cup

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in and whether the spoons are handicap, scratch, or Overseas. In the event of a tie, the Cup will go to the player having the best net total on the scores with which she won the spoons: if a further tie, to the best single score, and if a further tie again, to the player whose worst winning score is the least bad.

July Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss M. Elliott	Worksop	77	16	61	70	9 below
Miss N. Scott	Crews Hill	79	15	64	72	8 ,,
Mrs. Darwin	Hampstead	82	16	66	74	8 ,,
Mrs. Miller	Brocton Hall	82	16	66	74	8 ,,
Mrs. I. Taylor	Sudbury	84	17	67	74	7 ,,
Mrs. Hardy	Sherwood Forest	87	18	69	76	7 ,,
Mrs. J. Gourley	Lincoln	86	18	68	75	7 ,,
Mrs. Murrell Stuart	Gt. Yarmouth & Caister	73	4	69	75	6 ,,
Miss B. Pinson	Ferndown	77	8	69	75	6 ,,
Miss M. Beales	Cleethorpes	76	12	64	70	6 ,,
Mrs. M. G. Bishop	North Worcs.	80	14	66	72	6 ,,
Miss R. Eastick	Lowestoft	87	18	69	75	6 ,,
Mrs. Iorns	Chigwell	71	2	69	74	5 ,,
Miss H. Crowther	Huddersfield	82	10	72	77	5 ,,
Mrs. Marsham Townshend	Chislehurst	75	10	65	70	5 ,,
Miss M. H. Barr	Berkshire	83	11	72	77	5 ,,
Mrs. G. N. Cornforth	Brocton Hall	80	11	69	74	5 ,,
Miss M. Robinson	Long Ashton	83	14	69	74	5 ,,
Mrs. Eric Newcombe	Ladbrook Park	82	14	68	73	5 ,,
Mrs. Cappie Wood	Liberton	82	17	65	70	5 ,,
Miss Pam Shand	Derbyshire	73	3	70	74	4 ,,
Miss N. Plunket	Bamburgh Castle	78	10	68	72	4 ,,
Mrs. M. D. Purchase	Denham	82	11	71	75	4 ,,
Mrs. D. M. Hancock	Worksop	78	12	66	70	4 ,,
Miss Strong	Dulwich and Sydenham	85	14	71	75	4 ,,
Miss R. Parker	Dyke	83	15	68	72	4 ,,
Mrs. B. E. Walker	Dulwich and Sydenham	88	17	71	75	4 ,,
Mrs. Wiginton	Holtye	83	17	66	70	4 ,,
Miss P. M. Mitchell	Chislehurst	73	6	67	70	3 ,,
Mrs. Hartopp Holt	Derbyshire	82	11	71	74	3 ,,

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Harries	Royal Blackheath	86	29	57	73	16 below
Mrs. C. L. Dutton	Cheadle	85	31	54	68	14 ,,
Mrs. B. Fawdry	Burhill (Old Course)	86	26	60	73	13 ,,
Mrs. E. Dammann	Grimsby	95	33	62	74	12 ,,
Mrs. Harold Ayrey	South Shields	92	27	65	76	11 ,,
Miss E. G. Groome	Worthing (Upper Course)	90	31	59	70	11 ,,
Miss I. Lax	Hornsea	97	32	65	76	11 ,,
Mrs. Morton	Northampton	95	32	63	74	11 ,,
Mrs. N. Rodgers	Romiley	95	32	63	74	11 ,,
Mrs. J. G. Kilgour	Ballater	84	19	65	75	10 ,,
Mrs. Evelyn Hayes	Robin Hood	88	22	66	76	10 ,,
Miss M. F. Wilson	Coventry Hearsall	87	25	62	72	10 ,,
Mrs. Taudevin	Bromborough	91	27	64	74	10 ,,
Miss E. Horspool	Llangollen and Dist.	91	29	62	72	10 ,,
Mrs. Langdon	West Kent	98	32	66	76	10 ,,
Mrs. Chard	R. Eastbourne (Short C.)	89	33	56	66	10 ,,
Mrs. Bonner	Turnhouse	102	36	66	76	10 ,,
Mrs. D. M. Montford	Willesley Park	89	24	65	74	9 ,,
Mrs. E. Jones	Ashburnham	93	28	65	74	9 ,,
Mrs. M. A. Turner	Shirley Park	97	33	64	73	9 ,,
Mrs. I. R. Cameron	Singapore	100	36	64	73	9 ,,
Mrs. Arundale	Cheadle	85	25	60	68	8 ,,
Mrs. R. D. Borthwick	Bromborough	92	26	66	74	8 ,,
Mrs. Stephens	Shirley Park	93	28	65	73	8 ,,
Miss Cobb	Northampton	101	35	66	74	8 ,,
Mrs. Gardner	Alfreton	81	20	61	68	7 ,,
Mrs. E. W. Barwood	Gorleston-on-Sea	90	23	67	74	7 ,,
Mrs. D. Gill	Cuddington	93	24	69	76	7 ,,
Mrs. L. A. Castle	Worthing (Upper Course)	93	30	63	70	7 ,,
Mrs. B. L. Knights	Gorleston-on-Sea	100	33	67	74	7 ,,

A scratch spoon is awarded to Miss Vera Jennings, Cooden Beach, for her gross score of 72, 4 below the par, which failed with her handicap of plus 2 to win a handicap spoon.

The "Bystander"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(17th Year) Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1938

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(13th Year) Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1938.

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Friday, September 16th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard.*

On September 16th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss E. E. Helme.

The eight lowest handicap pairs in each tournament will be seeded.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1937 or 1938, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps; and from any other players at the discretion of the BYSTANDER.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss E. E. Helme* of the change.

The Proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1938. **No Entrance Fee**

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Friday, September 16th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....

..... *Telephone No.*.....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....

.....*Telephone No.*.....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number, to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON AUGUST

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

August 10—August 16

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

As You Like It.—Gladys Cooper as Rosalind, Ellen Pollock as Audrey, Philip Merivale as Jaques: Open Air Theatre, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Comedienne.—A brilliant virtuoso performance by Lilian Braithwaite as a temperamental actress, in Ivor Novello's play: Haymarket, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Glorious Morning.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Jessica Tandy, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Golden Boy.—First-class acting by a new all-American cast in Clifford Odet's vividly alive play about a young violinist-boxer: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Idiot's Delight.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Raymond Massey, Tamara Geva, with excellent support: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Lot's Wife.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by Cecil Parker and Nora Swinburne as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Aldwych, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

Poison Pen.—Margaret Yarde and Walter Fitzgerald have good parts in this semi-psychological play of village life: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Robert's Wife.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers *v.* married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

Frivolités de France.—Naunton Wayne and fifty girls represent the wit and the beauty of this show: Prince of Wales, 2-11.30 non-stop.

Happy Returns.—Very spectacular and very Cochran, this revue owes most to Beatrice Lillie and some to Flanagan and Allen: Adelphi, 8.15.

Maritza.—Good music and light sentiments of the Viennese model are half-translated into English by Mara Losseff, Douglas Byng, Shaun Glenville: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Me and My Girl.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

Nine Sharp.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Revudeville No. 107.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

Variety.—Fats Waller heads the bill of this riotous show: Palladium, 6.25 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Wild Oats.—Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe, and Vera Pearce win and spend a football pool; unpretentious and very funny: Prince's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

Banana Ridge.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

French Without Tears.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Mackenzie Ward and Gertrude Musgrove in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

George and Margaret.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noel Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Spring Meeting.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

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Drama Festivals

Abbey Theatre, Dublin.—Plays by J. M. Synge, W. B. Yeats, Lady Gregory, T. C. Murray, Lennox Robinson.

Malvern.—New and old plays by Shaw, Priestley, Bridie, Dunsany, and C. K. Munro form the programme.

Stratford.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Maître Emile Aymoz

The Dorchester's bearded chef de cuisine has been in that post for eighteen months, before which he was at the Paris Ritz. A cook of the classical tradition, he started his career with Escoffier

First Nights

Give Me Yesterday.—Owen Nares produces, Geoffrey Nares decorates, the cast includes Keneth Kent, Mary Glynne, Louise Hampton: Comedy, to-night, 10th.

Last Train South.—Flora Robson has the chief part in the Basil Dean-Priestley presentation, set all on a Russian railway station: St. Martin's, Thurs., 11th.

CINEMAS

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer and Wide Open Faces (American).—Tommy Kelly in one, Joe E. Brown in the other: Marble Arch Pavilion.

The Boy from Barnardo's (American).—Mickey Rooney and Freddie Bartholomew: Empire.

Gold is Where You Find It (American).—George Brent and Olivia de Havilland and a spectacular flood in an exciting tale of farmers *v.* miners in the West: Odeon.

The Hurricane and Sally, Irene and Mary (American).—Jon Hall, Dorothy Lamour, Alice Faye and Tony Martin fill the programme of double but second-shown entertainment at the Tivoli.

The Kid from Spain and The Devil to Pay (American).—Eddie Cantor in one revival, Ronald Colman in the other: London Pavilion.

Kidnapped (American).—Freddie Bartholomew, Warner Baxter and Arleen Whelan in the Stevenson classic: Gaumont.

Liszt Rhapsody (Austrian).—Paul Hörbiger, Luis Rainer and Sybille Schmitz in a tale centring round the composer: Studio One.

Little Tough Guy (American).—The "Dead End Boys"—a sort of toughened and elder "Our Gang"—play this back-street story: Leicester Square.

Le Roi s'Amuse (French).—A piquant satire on monarchy and love and other things, with Victor Francen, Gaby Morlay, Elvire Popescu, Raimu; also *Farewell Again*: Academy.

The Sheik (American).—Rudolph Valentino in this classic of revivals is supported by Chevalier and MacDonald in *Love Parade*: Carlton.

Sing You Sinners (American).—Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray in a mixed family and musical comedy: Plaza.

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (American).—Walt Disney's full-length cartoon from the Grimm tale is gripping: New Gallery.

Son of Mongolia (Russian).—Actors and musicians of the Mongolian People's Theatre play a simple and humorous morality tale set in Central Asia: Berkeley.

There 's Always a Woman (American).—Joan Blondell plays the "cherchez-la-femme" role, Melvyn Douglas opposite: Regal.

The Vessel of Wrath (British).—Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester in an excellent, witty film based on Maugham's story: Rialto.

Victoria the Great (British).—Herbert Wilcox's noble slice of English history, with Anna Neagle as the Queen, revives at the Curzon.

CIRCUS

The International Circus: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15 daily.

BALLET

Russian Ballet at Covent Garden:

Gods Go a-Begging, Firebird, Danses Slaves et Tsiganes.—To-day, 10th, 2.30.

Good-humoured Ladies, Coq d'Or, Cotillon.—To-night, 10th, 8.45.

Sylphides, Présages, Danses Polovstiennes.—Thurs., 11th, 8.45.

Lac des Cygnes, Francesca, Choreartium.—Fri., 12th, 8.45.

Cotillon, Présages, Danses Polovstiennes.—Sat., 13th, 2.30.

Thamar, Cendrillon, Protée, Aurore.—Sat., 13th, 8.45.

Russian Ballet at Drury Lane:

Lac des Cygnes, Epreuve, Spectre, Danses Polovstiennes.—To-day, 10th, 2.45.

Elfes, Gaité Parisienne, Igrouchka, Danses Polovstiennes.—To-night, 10th, 8.45.

Carnaval Nobilissima Visione, Tricorne.—Thurs., 11th, 8.45.

Giselle (two acts), Petrouchka.—Fri., 12th, 8.45.

Lac des Cygnes, Petrouchka, Epreuve.—Sat., 13th, 2.45.

Sylphides, Seventh Symphony, Spectre, Gaité Parisienne.—Sat., 13th, 8.45.

MUSIC

The Promenade Concerts.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Orchestra in his forty-fourth season at the Queen's Hall: nightly, 8.15.

To-night, 10th.—Bach, seven soloists, 1st and 5th Brandenburg Concertos.

Thursday, 11th.—Elgar, Liszt, Rachmaninoff, Berlioz, etc: Mary Bonin, Moseiwitsch.

Friday, 12th.—Beethoven; Mary Jarred, Lance Dossor; 5th Symphony, Piano Concerto in C minor

Saturday, 13th.—Wagner, Weber, Verdi, Elgar, Beethoven, Bach; three soloists.

Monday, 15th.—Wagner; three soloists; extracts from the operas.

Tuesday, 16th.—Tchaikowsky; Dennis Noble, Garbousova; 5th Symphony, Casse-Noisette.

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Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

C. B. Harrison

Mrs. A. T. Mace

Mrs. Mace was before her wedding Miss Thelma Kirk, and she is the daughter of Mrs. A. R. Kirk. The marriage took place at the Church of St. Mary, Abbey Road, Hampstead, on Saturday, July 30th

Hay Wrightson

Elizabeth Graham

Is the youngest daughter of the late Capt. D. N. Graham and Mrs. Graham, of The Firs, Hazlemere, Bucks., and is engaged to Peter Edwards, of Imperial Airways, Baghdad, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Edwards, of Kimpton, Lewes, Sussex

Lenare

Diana Harding-Newman

Is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. T. Harding-Newman; she is to marry in October Capt. Peter Charles Tuson, R.A., son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. H. D. Tuson, of Pelham Court, S.W. 3

Lenare

Betty Burnett

Is Sir Napier and Lady Burnett's youngest daughter, and is to marry John Cater in September. He is the elder son of the late J. McI. Cater and Mrs. Cater, of Manorfields, S.W.15; her parents live at Bamburgh, Northumberland

Elliott and Fry

Margery Winterbotham

Is the younger daughter of Brig. and Mrs. Winterbotham, of Broughton, Hants., and is to marry Kenneth Stuart Hay, eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. E. S. Hay, of Mayles, Cobham, Surrey

Tunbridge

Maisie Stockwell

Is the twin daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. C. Stockwell, of Greystones, Colchester, Essex; she is to marry Nicholas Hugh Trappes-Lomax, the Lancashire Fus., son of the late Richard Trappes-Lomax and the Hon. Mrs. Lomax, of 36, Princes Gardens, S.W.7

Catherine Bell

Heather Wright

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wright, of 43, Arthur Road, S.W.19; she is engaged to Lawrie Graham, son of the late Thomas Graham, of Melbourne, and Mrs. Graham, of Queen Anne's Mansions, S.W.1

Lenare

Betty Baddeley

Is the younger daughter of Sir William and Lady Baddeley, of Heath Farm, Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey; she is to marry Donald George Matthews Blanchard, only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Blanchard, of The Manor, Burbage, Wilts.

Beresford — Howard

Richard Marcus Beresford, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Beresford, of Lydgate House, Hunstanton, Norfolk, and Diana Katherine Howard, eldest daughter of Major Henry Howard, of 4, Argyll Road, Kensington, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Thomson — Miller

James Frederick Gordon Thomson, son of the late William Thomson, Advocate, and Mrs. Thomson, of 26, Heriot Row, Edinburgh, married Louise Carnegie Miller at the Cathedral, Dornoch. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roswell Miller, of New York City, and Millbrook, N.Y., U.S.A.

Fletcher — Hargreaves Brown

The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated at St. Michael's, Chester Square, when Robert Graham Fletcher married Margaret Hargreaves Brown. He is the son of Capt. Fletcher, R.N., and Mrs. Fletcher, of Woodhill House, Aberdeen; she is the daughter of the late W. Hargreaves Brown, and Mrs. Innes

Dale — Marten

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Richard Dale, 4th (Queen's Own) Hussars, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Dale, of Cherry Hill, Malpas, Cheshire, married Lorna Elsie Marten, younger daughter of Mr. L. H. Marten, of Maryon Lodge, N.W.3, and Tilton, near Battle, Sussex

Young — Carpenter

The Bishop of London officiated at the Exeter Cathedral wedding between Dorrien Young, eldest son of Brig.-Gen. F. D. Young, of Sandhills, Fleet, and the late Mrs. C. Young, and Veronica Carpenter, only daughter of the Dean of Exeter and Mrs. C. S. Carpenter, of The Deanery, Exeter

Winnington-Ingram — Cousins

The Bishop of London married his nephew, Reginald Pepys Winnington-Ingram, to Edith Mary Cousins at St. James's, Sussex Gardens. The bridegroom is the son of the late Rear-Admiral C. W. Winnington-Ingram and Mrs. Ingram, of Rosedale, Reigate; the bride is the daughter of the late Thomas Cousins

Egerton-Smith — Trew

John Egerton-Smith, the 22nd (Cheshire) Regiment, second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Egerton-Smith, of Woodlands, Altrincham, Cheshire, married Patricia Mary Trew at Charterhouse School Chapel. She is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Trew, of Byeways, Charterhouse, Godalming

Forester — Wingfield-Digby

John Orlando Forester, son of the Rev. and Hon. O. St. Maur Forester and Mrs. Forester, of Battersea Vicarage, and Lydia Wingfield-Digby, younger daughter of Canon S. H. and Mrs. Wingfield-Digby, of The Chaplaincy, Kiambu, Kenya, and Sherborne, Dorset, were married at Sherborne Abbey

Mathew — Bowen-Davies

It was a Brompton Oratory wedding between Francis Mathew, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Theobald Mathew, of 5, Queen's Gate Place, S.W.7, and Margaret Bowen-Davies, daughter of the late T. L. Bowen-Davies and Mrs. Davies, of Welford House, near Rugby

Loxley — Dawnay

Peter Noel Loxley, H.M. Diplomatic Service, only son of Captain Noel Loxley, R.N., and Mrs. Loxley, and Elizabeth Lavender Dawnay, daughter of Major-Gen. and Mrs. Guy Dawnay, of Longparish House, Hampshire, were married at St. Nicholas's, Longparish

Irons — Radcliffe

Richard Kendall Irons and Audrey Priscilla Radcliffe were married at Salisbury Cathedral. He is an Oxford Rhodes Scholar, of Groton School, Mass., U.S.A.; she is the daughter of the late Clifford H. Radcliffe and Mrs. Radcliffe, of Balderstone, Alderbury, Salisbury

Carmichael — Duckworth

Gilbert Carmichael, O.B.E., Traffic Superintendent at Scotland Yard, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Carmichael, of Kirkcudbrightshire, and Eileen Vivienne Frances Duckworth, daughter of the late L. Duckworth and Mrs. Hendriks, of Morpeth Mans., S.W.1, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

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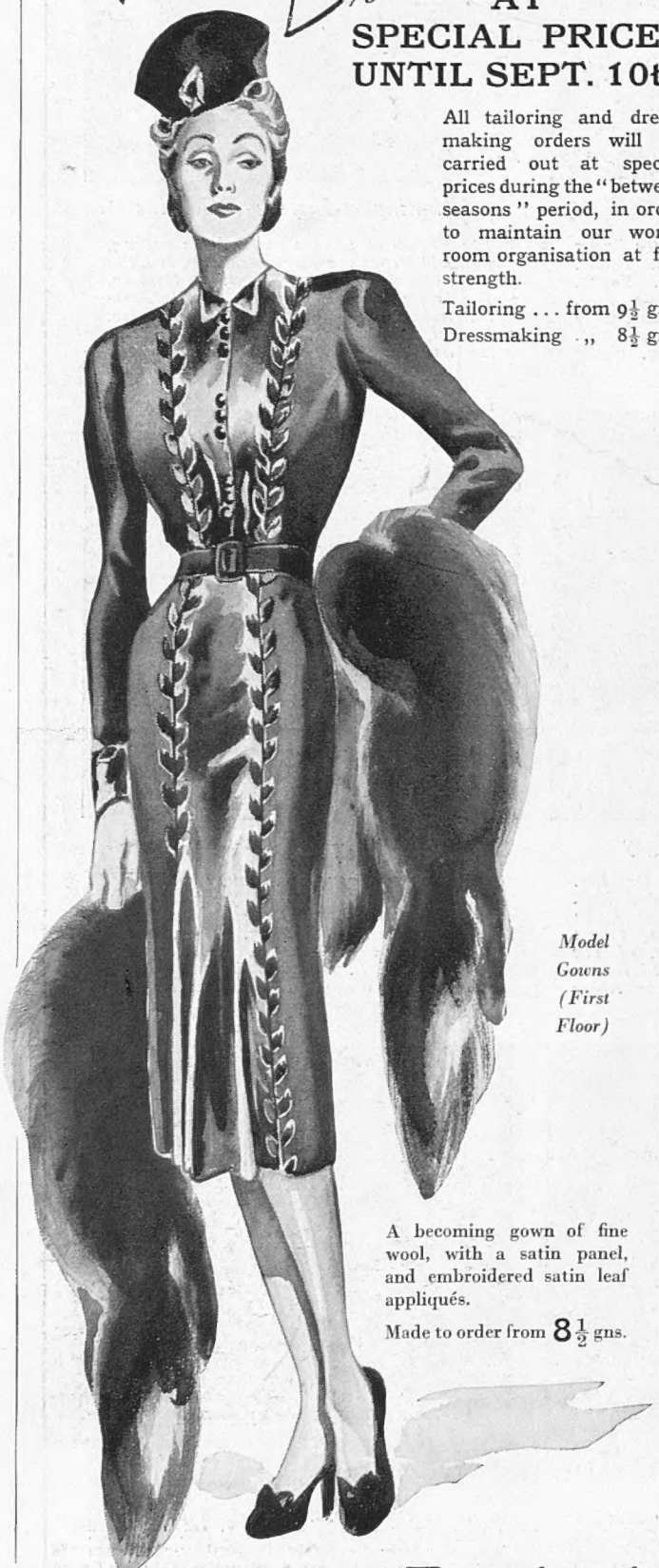

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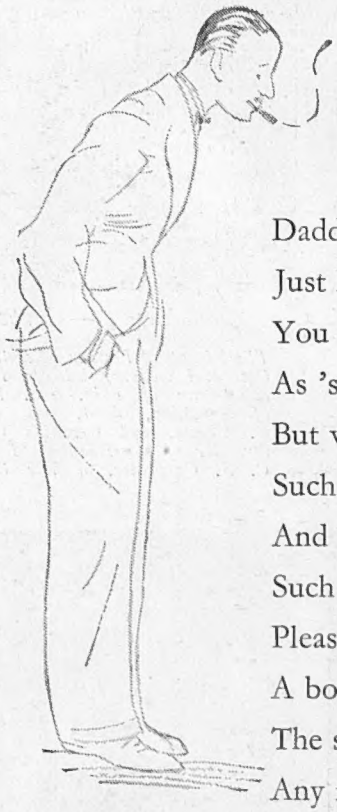
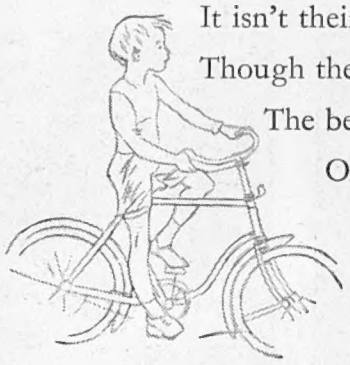


Daddy, please Daddy
Just listen to me.
You say things are 'spensive
As 'spensive can be.
But why do you buy
Such a very big car?
And why do you smoke
Such a 'normous cigar?
Please give me a puppy
A boat or a bike
The sort of nice things
Any fellow would like.

Daddy, my Daddy
Why make such a fuss?
I've friends in the village
Much poorer than us.
They haven't much money
It isn't their fault
Though they all can afford
The best possible salt
Of course, it's of Cerebos
Salt that I speak,
It costs a bit less
Than a penny a week.



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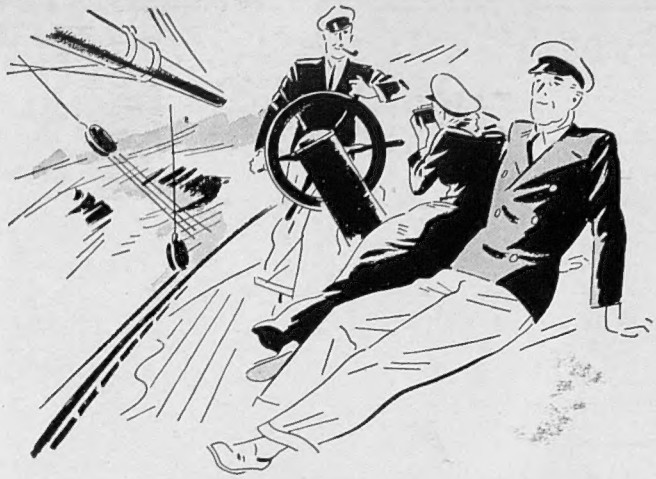

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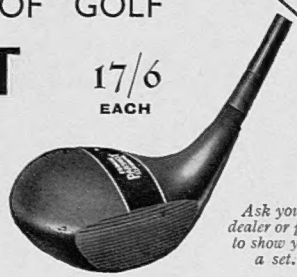

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